



DREAMERS

This NUMBER

Now on sale throughout the United States

The Vanity Number of VOGUE is unique in magazines,—as vain as a peacock and yet as sweet in feminine loveliness as ever magazine could be; replete with those graceful little touches which make the smart woman smart, telling where to get them and how to use them.

A parasol is a fairly dangerous weapon, a fan perhaps more deadly, but a sophisticated scarf can give points to either. No woman ever knew its possibilities better than the Marquise de Saint-Armand and from her ladies of today may gather in this number of VOGUE a goodly store of coquetties to use in their warfare upon mankind. A half dozen evening scarfs different from anything you have ever seen and head-dresses to go with them will point the moral of the tale.

Baron de Meyer writes about the vanities of woman, and Robert McQuinn pictures the places she keeps them—her vitrines, her cupboards, her boxes and her cabinets. As for perfumes—the magazine fairly smells of them; and those secret places where a woman may go to renew her youth and beauty are openly discussed.

Even the most evanescent of fripperies must have their foundation in fact; and so this number of VOGUE shows many gowns from Paris.

Use the Coupon

VOGUE is published twice-a-month and sells for 25c a copy. If you will clip off the coupon below and send it with your name and address your subscription will be entered for twelve numbers, beginning with the Vanity Number, and a bill for \$2 will be sent you December 1st. If you enclose cash with order your subscription will be entered for thirteen numbers.

Send me twelve numbers of Vogue, beginning with the Vanity Number, and I will remit \$2 on receipt of bill. I enclose herewith and shall expect thirteen numbers of Vogue beginning with the Winter Fashions Number.
(Please write name very plainly.)

VOGUE, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Name

Street

City

State

Life Nov. 16

Orders should be placed at once for the

Christmas Numbers

CHRISTMAS GIFTS NUMBER

Dated December 1

A sumptuously illustrated handbook of Christmas Gifts specially chosen for you. With this number on your writing desk and Vogue's shopping service at your command, you can do all your Christmas buying without leaving your home.

HOLIDAY NUMBER

Dated December 15

All the frivolities and festivities of Christmas, including last-minute gifts and holiday novelties of every kind from the best shops. Sidelights on the metropolitan social, dramatic and musical seasons. A beautiful Christmas magazine.

VOGUE, 443 Fourth Avenue, NEW YORK

Condé Nast, Publisher

Edna Woolman Chase, Editor

Victrola

The instrument for the world's best music



CARUSO



MELBA



FARRAR



SCHUMANN-HEINK



McCORMACK

© BROOKHORN - MISHKIN - JAMES & BUSHNELL



The best music in the world is the music which is rendered by the *greatest* artists.

And there's just one way to enjoy all the world's best music in your own home—on the Victrola.

The world's greatest artists make records exclusively for the Victor—and only on the Victrola can you hear their superb renditions with all the distinctive personality and charm of interpretation which make them famous the world over.

Hearing is believing. Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate the various styles of the Victor and Victrola—\$10 to \$350.

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal
Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—the *combination*. There is no other way to get the unequalled Victor tone.



Victrola XVI, \$200
Victrola XVI, electric, \$250
Mahogany or oak



Third Call

These men are obeying an impulse

Which is natural to many of us at Christmas time, simply because we cannot make up our minds what we ought to give our friends for Christmas. They would feel very differently if they had thought of sending Life to their friends as a Christmas present.

Christmas May Come Every Tuesday

To your friends during the year, if you care to send them LIFE as a Christmas present. You forward us the money for the number of friends whose hearts you would like to have brightened in this supremely satisfying manner (for rates see coupon), and a handsome Christmas card will be sent from this office to each friend conveying the glad tidings. With every yearly subscription is included the handsome premium, "Sunset," printed in colors and ready for framing. Be sure and tell us it is for Christmas, so the subscriptions may not be started too soon.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York 15

One Year \$5.00. (Canadian \$5.52, Foreign \$6.04)

Born 1820
—Still going
strong.



Visitor (critically examining an antique bureau): "THERE IS NO DENYING THE CHARM OF OLD THINGS WHEN THEY ARE GENUINE—SOME ONE SHOULD INVENT 'NON-REFILLABLE' ANTIQUE FURNITURE."

Host (seeing the point): "AH! THAT REMINDS ME—BRING A NON-REFILLABLE BOTTLE OF 'JOHNNIE WALKER' RED LABEL."

To be absolutely assured "Johnnie Walker" quality—always say, "Johnnie Walker Red Label" in the non-refillable bottle—every drop over 10 years old.

GUARANTEED SAME QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Agents: WILLIAMS & HUMBERT, 1158 Broadway, NEW YORK.

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., WHISKY DISTILLERS. KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.



The bride elect requires a chest of silver as she does a wedding ring. As the ring is the symbol of sentiment, so the silver is both the symbol and means of gracious household service.

Reed & Barton silver should be chosen, because of its consummate art and its perfect utility. It endures through generations both physically and in artistic appeal. Beside the profusion of silverware, the Reed & Barton stores contain a really selected stock of gold jewelry, precious stones and watches.

Such articles do not cost more at our stores than elsewhere. Reed & Barton supremacy is a matter of taste and discrimination and does not add to the cost.

REED & BARTON

ESTABLISHED 1824

Fifth Avenue & 32nd Street

4 Maiden Lane

Sterling Silver, Diamonds, Gold Jewelry, Clocks, Watches, Leather Goods, Stationery, Canes, Umbrellas

LIFE

Business

"ARE you making much profit on the war order you received?"

"No," replied the president of the company, "but we're selling lots of stock at ten times what it's worth."

Always Two

MRS. WILLIS: Have you made out the list of the people to whom you want to give presents?

MRS. GILLIS: Yes; and also another list of the people I don't want to give presents to but have got to.



TALES OF A GRANDFATHER

Interviews with Dead Celebrities

I DISCOVERED him sitting on the steps of the Hall of Fame. It was in the silent night. The rays of the moon illumined his pale features, which I thought singularly handsome. I almost wondered at his being there. Evidently he divined my thought, for he said with a smile:

"They turned me out. Perhaps you saw—"

"Yes," I said, "I saw. But I wouldn't feel badly about it. It's an honor—if you need any more—for a man like you to be refused admittance to the Hall of Fame."

His kindly eyes gleamed.

"I'm not at all disturbed about it," he said. "In fact, I never even knew there was such a place until they sent for me; then they got to arguing among themselves as to whether I was a fit person or not. But I'm glad to rest here. Only quiet place I found."

"How's that?" I asked.

"Well, you see," he replied, "they are always arguing about the conduct of the war, and one gets fearfully tired hearing about it. Napoleon Bonaparte and Hannibal—they're great chums, you know—almost came to blows yesterday about Bulgaria. The other day Lord Nelson and Admiral Porter talked for six hours steady as to the value of the submarine. You ought to hear Cicero go on! Julius



HER FATHER'S SPITE FENCE



Hotel Clerk (making out his bill):
AND DID YOU TAKE A BATH, SIR?
Guest: VY, ISS DER VON MISSING?

Caesar is rather good—but it gets to be an old story after awhile. I often wish I were alive."

"Perhaps I am intruding," I said. "I did want to ask you your opinion of a few things, but—"

"Oh, that's all right," he said resignedly. "If you're an American, go on. I hear there are a few of them left and they are going fast."

"What do you think of the navies now?"

"It's all relative. All wood or all steel—it doesn't matter much. It's a question of men."

"And don't you think we have men now, John Paul Jones?"

I fancied he almost grinned.

"You have Josephus," he replied, and added, "and Henry Ford. But then, there have always been Josephuses and Henry Fords."

"But not always John Paul Joneses," I ventured.

"Don't be so sure of that. Look at the fine fellows you have in your navy!"

"The navy which you started," I suggested. "If it hadn't been for you, how different things with us might be to-day!"

Suddenly he began to vanish. Praise was too much for his modest soul.

"One word more," I pleaded. And as he faded he said: "Votes for dreadnaughts."



MAN AND THE LOWER ANIMALS

To Make Us Kinder

MOST of us need to read something now and then to make us feel more kindly toward the Germans, and to remind us that, after all, they had, and doubtless still have, qualities we once thought well of.

Nothing, probably, written by a German would have this effect, but passages in Gardiner's essay on Liebknecht in "War Lords," and parts of Wister's "Pentecost of Calamity," will do it.

Cautious people who fear that such readings might make them too indulgent to Germans need not worry. For whenever, in spite of the war, one begins to warm to them a little, they get to work somewhere and do something perfectly outrageous.

The trouble is the Germans do as they are told, doing good or bad, and both in all degrees, with the same submissiveness.

General Moritz Ferdinand Von Bissing

THIS is the governor-general of Belgium, the man who caused Miss Edith Cavell to be shot to death at two o'clock in the morning by soldiers who are said to have shed tears as they performed the act.

This gentleman's name is now secure. He will not have to sit up nights worrying whether he will be remembered, or whether history will do him justice. General Von Bissing was undoubtedly wise in his choice. Murdering thousands of non-combatants is so common a feat that there is little distinction in it. General Von Bissing took only one woman. To her he will owe his immortality.

THE GHETTO: From the Battery to Yonkers.

Girl Soldiers? NO!

A full battalion of girls, physically vigorous, well balanced and able-bodied, prepared and trained to fight and thoroughly armed, would be a great asset to our country.

—Mrs. Putnam at Vassar College.

AN asset in the show business, but in war a liability, like the Prince of Wales at the front. "There is no such thing as sex inferiority," says Mrs. Putnam, and in the large sense that is true. But in details, like soldiering, there is inferiority, and she tells some of the reasons for it: Because "a man has a stronger physique . . . and more nervous and emotional stability than a woman."

Why train first-rate girls to make second-rate soldiers when there are enough men for that industry? In an extremity, when men are scarce, there is something to be said for it.

All on the Surface

BRIDGET, what do you clean the silver with?"

"Silver cleaner, child! Why do youse be askin'?"

"I thought from the looks of the cloth that maybe you did it with stove polish."



UNSUNG HEROES

UNFORTUNATE HUMANITARIAN WHO KNOWS THAT FLOWERS HAVE FEELINGS



"THE THING

WO



WON'T MELT"

THING

LIFE

Harold and His Pa

HAROLD came bounding into the room in a great state of excitement.

"Oh, papa," he exclaimed, "what do you think has happened? We have given up reading, writing and arithmetic at school, and are now learning all about the news of the day."

"Why, I didn't know they ever taught reading, writing and arithmetic in school. I thought it was against their principles," said Harold's father, with a smile. This made Harold smile also, for he was a very bright boy.

"Oh, I see what you mean, papa," he said. "You intended that as a joke, didn't you? But they really have, because now we spend our time reading the papers and magazines and learning what is going on all over, and say!—did you ever hear of the Tariff Commission League?" Harold was almost breathless by this time. His father, knowing what was coming, immediately began to prepare himself for the worst.

"My boy," he said, "the tariff is a subject which no intelligent American knows anything about—except possibly myself. With the exception of Mr. Roosevelt and pragmatism, it is the duller subject in the world."

"But, father, the teacher says it is our duty as citizens to learn about it, and I am so glad that you know, because you can tell me all about it."

"One moment, my dear boy—not so fast. There is only one way I can teach you about this subject. It's a method I sometimes use in extreme cases. I will ask you what you know, and that will teach you more than if I poured out upon you the richness of my own special knowledge on this vital subject. First, then, what is the Tariff Commission League?"

"Well, you see, papa—"

"Now, don't be afraid to speak freely. It is good, honest practice to display your own ignorance."

"But you never display your ignorance before me. You try to make me think you know it all, but you don't do anything else but display your ignorance before mama—that's what she said," replied Harold, with a ring of

triumph in his youthful voice. His father looked severely at him.

"How many times, Harold," he said, "have I told you in a discussion to confine yourself to the point? Now, sir, answer my question again."

"A Tariff Commission League is—is—well, there was a man talked to us, and he said it was to take the tariff out of politics or politics out of the tariff."

"And how can this be done?"

"Well, they have a lot of men—oh, about seven—and they meet and study all about the different prices of things, and the man said they made recommendations to Congress."

"And what does Congress do?"

Harold was getting plainly uneasy under this cross-examination. He began to squirm. He got up and stamped his foot.

"I hate 'em all!" he cried. "I wish there wasn't any tariff. I wish there wasn't any Congress. I wish there wasn't any politics. Why don't they stop it all and let us learn something we like?"

At this Harold's father himself broke down. Hastily embracing Harold, he said:

"My son, you are right! Your instincts are strictly normal. I hate 'em all, too. And between you and me, I may as well confess that I knew nothing about the subject and only asked you questions to conceal my own ignorance."

Harold nodded his head solemnly.

"Yes, father," he said, "I knew that before. Mama told me you always did that when you were up against it."

History

BBROWN: Anybody can make history, you know, but only a great man can write it.

SMITH: That may be, but when history is made it is always sure to be history, while when it is written it is merely some man's idea of history.

Georgia Still Safe and Sane

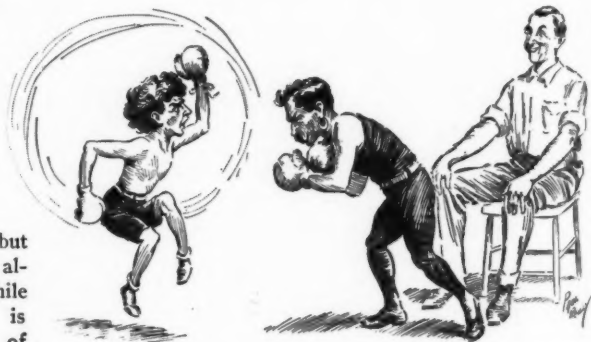
ALL those who believe it is to the best interests of the community to have the mill and factories as full as possible of little children will be glad to know that the illustrious commonwealth of Georgia is still with them. Last year a bill was passed raising the age limit from 12 to 14, with a poverty exemption raised from 10 to 12, but in passing this law the legislature carefully refrained from providing any machinery by which it could be enforced.

There are maudlin sentimentalists who think that the welfare of children requires something more than unremitting factory toil, and they hoped that at the special session of the Georgia legislature, recently called, a factory inspector would be provided, but this was not among the subjects specified, and so Georgia will continue to have the honor of being one of our leading child-labor states.

Works Its Own Remedy

A NEW YORK judge has recently declared against the driving of automobiles by women. He says women are not up to the job—that they have not enough masculine steadiness. They are more likely to lose their heads at critical moments.

Maybe there is truth in what the judge says, but the increased possibility of accidents on this account is neutralized by the fact that everybody looks out and is on guard when they see a woman coming who is driving a car!



"SMALL LATIN AND LESS GREEK"

· LIFE ·



THAT NEW VEGETABLE

Connecticut Lady: YE LAZY GOOD FER NAWTHIN'! THERE WUZ NAWTHIN' T' KEEP YOU FR'M PLANTIN' AN ACRE OR TWO O' SHRAPNEL; EV'RBODY ELSE IS GETTIN' RICH ON IT

Session

Modern School Instruction Series. Highly recommended to all students.

TEACHER: Now, children, our subject this morning is mirth control. Can anybody tell me what the object of mirth control is?

BRIGHT BOY: To stop people from having fits of laughter.

TEACHER: Correct. And why should we not have fits of laughter?

BRIGHT GIRL: Because laughter is a God-given faculty. It is unhygienic. It is more than most people can afford. It creates too much unseemly pleasure. It has been denounced by several feminists. It is wrong. It is wicked. It is immoral. It keeps deserving people awake nights and it ought to be suppressed.

TEACHER: Splendid! There was a time when fits of laughter were indulged in by common people with vulgar ideas about God. They thought that God was the author of all things and had a right to do as he pleased. Now we know better. What is the duty of every pupil in this room?

CLASS (in chorus): To see that our papas and mamas become members of the National Mirth Control Association, the annual dues for which are five dollars a year.

TEACHER: Payable in advance. You mustn't forget that. And is that all?

LITTLE GIRL: Please, teacher, we must all subscribe to the Mirth Controller, a magazine of suppression.

TEACHER: That is correct. The class is dismissed for the day.

SAID the jellyfish: "What an inconvenience a backbone must be!"



AT A FUTURE ELECTION
 "VOS YOU BORN IN DISS COUNTRY?"
 "YESSIR."
 "VELL, DEN YOU CAN'T VOTE."

Nibbling

TO nibble, or not to nibble; that is the question.

Whether it is better to eat three square meals a day or to take arms against a score of little nagging appetites, and by yielding, end them—for the time being.

To bite, to crunch—aye, there's the question—and by a bite to think we end the heartburn and the thousand stomach-aches that nibbling is heir to—there's the rub.

Much better were our quietus made with a bare beef-steak.

The Vote

THE vote is something that some women want because they have not got it, and other women do not want because they are afraid to have some women get it.

It is also something that all women do not have because some women do not want it, and something that some women are afraid that they will not get because all women do not want it.

Also, some women have it because they were not afraid to want it, and other women were afraid to want it because all women did not want it.



LIFE'S SHORT STORY CONTEST



The contest closed on October 4th. So many thousands of manuscripts have been received, each one necessitating a careful reading, that our friends are invited to exercise all due patience. We shall continue to publish the stories accepted each week in this department until all the manuscripts have been passed upon; and as soon thereafter as possible the prizes will be awarded.

The Recoil of the Gun

By Marion Parker

YES, I will tell you why I did it. I can talk to you, because you are a gentleman. You will understand. Those others were horrible men, policemen. They hustled me, they took me by the arm—me! Did you ever see a prison cell before? I never did. It's a queer place to receive you in, but that isn't my fault. They won't let me out.

You wish to know why I killed my husband? It does sound rather dreadful, doesn't it? Though, you know, a woman might get angry—might throw something at a man. But I wasn't angry. It's not really hard to kill people. Why, even now, here, alone with you—but they haven't left anything handy. May you call in your friend from the corridor? Yes, of course.

About my husband. He was a very good man, very fond of me; a little tiresome, but I wouldn't have killed him for that. People won't understand

that I did it from the highest motives.

This is the reason. It's very reasonable. I did it for the children. Now you know.

He began to follow me about. He began to watch me. Even when I was alone he watched me. He was suspicious. That's a very bad sign. I know what it meant. It was dreadful to know, but everything proved it. He was going insane. But no one else knew. If I waited people would find out. I had to think of the children—my little girls. No one would have married them. It's hereditary, you know. So I shot him.

Your friend's a lawyer? He will get me off? They won't hang me? I knew they wouldn't if I explained. What's that you said? I heard! To plead insanity. For me? But he mustn't do that! The girls—don't you see? Why, you're crazy! No one would marry them! And I did it for them! I did it for them!

Two Letters, a Telegram and a Finale

By H. S. Haskins

"New York, September 10.

DEAREST MARIAN:

Is it not time to break silence? Three months have passed since we quarreled on the eve of your departure for the mountains. I wrote twice during the first week. You did not answer. Pride forbade my risking another rebuff.

Frequently I have been so desperate that it has consoled me to run into needless danger. Often, during the summer, I have swum out beyond the breakers when there was a heavy undertow. I have taken automobile tours by myself, speeding at seventy miles an hour over narrow roads along mountainsides.

These foolhardy adventures were backed by what must seem to you an unaccountable desire for revenge. I pictured your face as you read an account of my death; gloated over the

horror in your eyes when they scanned the ghastly details.

I invented such news items as these: 'Blake's body was cast up on the beach, horribly gashed by the rocks'; or, 'The automobile leaped into a chasm. Blake, clinging to the wheel, was crushed into an unrecognizable mass when the car turned turtle.'

This desire to punish you for your neglect seems a barbarous instinct or a childish whim, as you choose. But, ashamed of it as I may be, and struggle against it as I will, such a thought is often with me.

Take this morning, for instance: Alighting from the train at Jersey City, I stopped to admire the huge locomotive which has been lately put on the morning express. I laid my hand on one bulky cylinder. 'What if this monster should explode with me standing here!' I thought. 'What if one side of my face

and my right arm were blown off! What would she say, my little Princess of Indifference, far away in her mountain fastness?'

I gave imagination its head. It soon seemed as if the horrible thing had really happened. They picked me up, conscious and suffering frightfully. Before I slipped into merciful oblivion the awful truth was apparent to me—my right arm was gone and the right side of my face was terribly scalded by the blinding steam.

Weeks grew into months. The day before the bandages were to be removed from my face I escaped from the hospital. I took a night express to Montreal. From Montreal I plunged into the wilderness, anywhere to get away from the sight of man, where, slowly and painfully, with my untrained left arm, I built a hut on the side of a mountain. Besides the rough furniture I installed a typewriter and a framed photograph of you. Just these two things with which to start life over again.

Here I learned with difficulty to type-write with one hand. At first it baffled me to devise some way of depressing the shift key. Then I attached a rough contrivance for working the shift key with my foot. Finally I became fairly expert, and began to submit magazine stories, with some success.

Often I dreamed of a footstep outside my cabin, of the swish of skirts, of a cry, and somebody rushing across the floor. Two hands, unmistakably yours, pressed my eyes—my good eye on the good side of my face and my useless eye on the useless side of my face. Then I seemed to play a gruesome hide-and-seek, twisting, turning, dodging—ever striving to keep the undamaged side of my face toward you, concealing the stricken side from your eyes.

That's enough of such rubbish. Fancies, made morbid by your long silence, have run away with me. Forgive me. But have mercy, and write!

I have stopped running risks in the water. I observe the legal rate of speed in my car. But I have not given up an equally hazardous adventure—loving you.

Forever and ever yours,

JOHN."

"Paul Smith's, Adirondacks, N. Y.,
September 14.

MY OWN SILLY JOHN:

Your letter gave me the shivers. Forgive me. I have been thoughtless and brutal. Your letter was so graphic, your

description of your make-believe accident in the train-sheds so real, that I cannot get it out of my mind. I love you, love you, love you. I shall leave here two weeks from to-morrow. I'd leave to-night if it were not for Mother, who is not well enough yet to travel. That fictitious cabin on the mountain-side with you blinded and alone frightened me. Be careful, John; be careful, you dear, dear thing!

Always yours,

MARIAN."

(Telegram)

"Noonday Club, New York,
September 24.

MARIAN BLACKMAR:

Paul Smith's, Adirondacks, N. Y.

The cabin on the mountain was not fictitious. Neither was the explosion of the locomotive, which happened three months ago. I gave an assumed name at the hospital. Do not try to find me. There is nothing left worth finding. I want to be remembered as I was when we parted. Good-bye.

JOHN."

The Finale

An October moon shone through the scarlet leaves of a Canadian forest.

Shadows from the thinning branches fell across the clearing where John Blake's cabin clung to the side of a mountain. The light from a shaded lamp, within, fell upon a typewriter with its singular attachment for depressing the shift key.

Before the machine, John sat, bowed in thought, his right sleeve hanging empty. He was thinking of the letter which he had written to Marian Blackmar, and which he had enclosed with a note to the steward of the Noonday Club, to be mailed from New York, for the sake of the postmark, of the telegram which had been relayed through the same club.

The autumn wind coaxed the logs in the fireplace. The responsive flames lighted with a warm glow the photographed features of the beautiful girl in the oval frame.

There was a footstep outside the cabin, the swish of skirts, a cry, and somebody rushing across the floor. Two hands, unmistakably hers, were pressed over his eyes, the good eye and the bad eye alike. Two lips, every now and then interrupting themselves against his, wept and laughed and pleaded and, made believe scold, and finally persuaded John that no life can be disfigured where love dwells.



"TO KINDER SKIES, WHERE GENTLER MANNERS REIGN"

Ma, she ain't very strong, and she can't earn much, washing. Well, we needed money awful bad, and a smart fella from you came to our house and gave Ma ten dollars. Ma's Slovak, and she can't read English, and she didn't know what it was she was signing. Well, she found she'd signed away her rights to sue for money from you, because dad was killed. Now you're going to give us that money." She finished with a harsh peremptoriness and paused. The president started to speak, but she stopped him with a crude, imperative gesture.

"You wait," she said; "I ain't through yet. It was bad enough that you killed Pa and stole the damage money from her and the kids. But that ain't all. You done worse than that. There was another man burned with that melted iron. His name was Frank Nokovick." The girl's voice rose and broke in a sob, but she choked it back harshly and struggled on.

"Frank—he and I were sweethearts for a year and a half before that, but he couldn't get the money for the furniture and things. Well, we was to be married on Saturday, but Thursday the ladle broke and the iron burned Frank all down the side. He made 'em bring him home, and he sent for the priest. 'Run for the priest, Pete,' he says to my brother. 'Run like hell, and make him come quick.'

"Frank, he was groaning terrible, but he just grabbed hold of my hand and hung onto it, and he

Molten Metal

By Hornell Hart

THE president of the Canfield Iron Works sat at his desk, poring over departmental reports. The hush of Saturday afternoon had settled over the deserted works. Instead of the rumble of trucks, the tattoo of steam hammers and the shrill of signal whistles, a fly droned at the window screen and birds twittered from the eaves.

It was with a startled feeling that the president looked up and saw, standing at the end of his desk, a tall, dully dressed working girl. Her eyes were circled with shadow, and her thin lips were set with the expression of one who forces back tears.

"I came to get five hundred dollars," said the girl, in a tense voice. He looked up at her in dumb astonishment, and she hurried on. "We just got to have it, and you owe it to us. Pa, he kept telling the boss that the big ladle for the melted iron was cracked and it would spill some day, and the boss just laughed. Well, one day, about three months ago, he came up here to the office to tell you about it, and the fella out there told him to go on out and mind his business.

"Well, last month—on Thursday, it was—the handle broke off and spilled the hot iron all over Pa and the men in his gang. They brought him home, and his legs were all burned off, and he was dead. John Burczyk his name was.

"I'm the oldest at home, and all the others are little. There ain't one of all six of them that can work yet. And



"SAY, IF YOU'RE DER GUY DAT DRAWD ME, HURRY UP AN' DRAW A BEER ON DIS TABLE."

*I christen thee
Hypatia Elaine Smith*



AND SHE WAS NUMBER 13 IN THE FACTORY



kept saying, 'Our kid's got to have a father, Mary. Our kid's got to have a father.'

"Well, the priest came as quick as he could, and he was going to marry us, but Frank was dead."

The girl's voice trailed off into a wail, but she choked on, defiantly:

"Now I lost my job, because they can all see my trouble. And we got to have the money. You give me that five hundred dollars! You give it to me!"

The president had turned his back toward her. She fumbled nervously with a queerly shaped thing covered with a handkerchief in her right hand. The president turned silently and handed her a bundle. Dumbly she counted five one-hundred-dollar bills. At the bottom was a check.

"Pay to the order of Mary Burczyk," it read, "two thousand dollars."

Mary sank on the floor in a little heap. "I'd rather have shot you," she sobbed.

THERE'S many a slip 'twixt the Krupp and the Dieppe.

Just a Lapse

HOKUS: I actually caught Longbow telling the truth yesterday.

POKUS: Wasn't he embarrassed?

HOKUS: Only momentarily. He immediately tried to lie out of it.



ILLUSTRATED SLANG
GOT THE GOODS ON HIM

Sensible Illinois

THE Supreme Court of Illinois has recently declared unconstitutional the compulsory vaccination of school children. The judges were unable to "find that a healthy child is a menace to pupils or teachers," but rather that the dangers of ignorance from forcing children out of school were much more real and imminent than the dangers of smallpox, even allowing that vaccination was a preventive. Therefore, the court goes on:

To use the leverage of coercion or intimidation, with parental love as a fulcrum, and thus force parents to do certain things against their conscience is neither ethical nor equitable. As a legal resort it is unjustifiable.

This puts Illinois in the very vanguard of enlightenment and encourages the hope that Supreme Courts of other States will lose no time in drinking from the same fount of wisdom.

E. O. J.

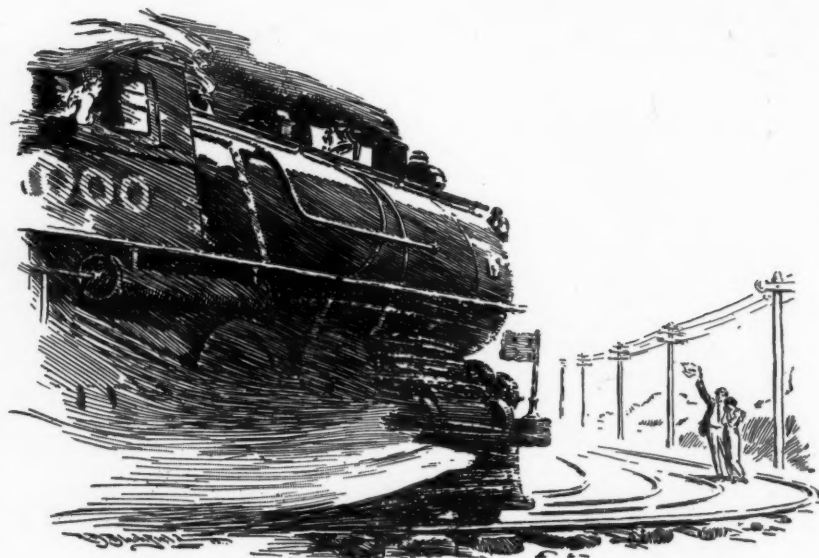
Bulls and Bears

ON Monday morning the market was considerably disturbed by the rumor that the Czar of Russia had been discovered trying to borrow seven dollars to get his winter overcoat out of pawn. It was freely admitted on all sides that the Czar could not hope to accomplish much before spring unless he had his winter overcoat. On reports that he had succeeded in getting six-fifty of the amount needed and was in a fair way to secure the other fifty cents, everybody drew a long breath and conducted himself with more abandon for the rest of the afternoon.

Owing to the continuation on Tuesday morning of the excited condition of the market which has prevailed for several weeks, a number of the brokers were inclined to urge caution on the part of the Lambs. The firm of Getthemun, Sligh & Co. issued a long statement from which we select the following significant quotation: "Wall Street Lambs are advised to go slowly in the present crisis. Wall Street gets



POKER TERM
FIVE AGAINST THE RED



THE FRIENDLY ENGINEER

its best results if the Lambs lose their money in a leisurely fashion. If they lose it too suddenly they are apt to become disgusted, and this in turn might lead to a general feeling of revulsion on the part of the people, such as we have witnessed several times in the past." In spite of this and other warnings, however, the market was exceedingly active and American Mammon common fluctuated most violently.

On Wednesday and Thursday fluctuations in the shares of the Jupiter Development Co. were a feature in the dealings. Acting with the eminent astronomer Dr. Faraway Skysquinter, the Jupiter Development Co. has located and laid claim to some very valuable mining properties on the planet Jupiter, and if satisfactory means of communication and transportation can be established the shares of this company will undoubtedly be immensely valuable. Shrewd investors are naturally doing the proper thing under the circumstances.

Friday was featureless on account of so many different reasons that nobody knew which was the real reason, while on Saturday a great many things were begun and few were finished except some overworked employees and a number of Lambs.

New Nerves While You Wait

A NORWEGIAN doctor named Ingebrigsten has succeeded in transplanting nerves from one animal to another. This undoubtedly opens up a great future for the human race.

To have your nervous system quietly and skillfully removed by competent mechanics, and a brand new one put in its place while you wait, ought to create a revolution in all homes.

The ordinary nervous system is good for about seven years. At the end of that time it becomes very much like the plumbing in a suburban residence at the end of the same period. It has lost its vivacity. It rattles a good deal. In short, what with being run over by autos, being danced to pieces by frisky women anywhere from seventeen to seventy, being talked to a standstill by suffragettes, the ordinary nervous system has about the same chance of reelection at the end of seven years as ex-Secretary Bryan. Under the new system, however, our nervous systems can be continually renewed. We shall be able, doubtless, to buy nerve fibre by the yard and our chauffeur can jack us up once a week and supply the worn-out parts by the skillful manipulation of an electric bulb and a set of nerve irons.



• WILDHACK •

THE FAD TO FOLLOW DANCING
ROPE SKIPPING

Catholics and Schools

THE President in the tail of his Manhattan Club speech warned us against "every manifestation of religious and sectarian antagonism." It does not become America, he said, that within her borders men should raise the cry of church against church.

Surely not, and we don't do it; at least, not much. There may be some nervousness among some people for fear the Roman Catholics will in course of time bite the Protestant head off of our cherished government, but except in some sectarian papers and in some scurrilous papers of no reputation there is hardly any cry about it at all. For it is true, as the *New Republic* remarked last month, that "the Roman Catholic Church is the sacred cow of American journalism and American politics." Boston, it says,



STEPPING STONES IN THE CAREER OF A YOUNG COMIC ARTIST



THE NEW COOK

Suburban Dwellers: THANK HEAVEN, SHE'S HERE, ANYWAY!

seethes with religious partisanship, and it avers that "in States like Massachusetts the aggressiveness of churchmen has made clericalism the real issue upon which men divide politically." But is there any cry? Very little. Boston seethes "just below the level of newspaper comment."

Sometimes it seems as though so much polite suppression was not quite healthy. "It will not always be so," says the *New Republic*. Probably not, and yet there is a great value in politeness. Regard the public schools! If the Protestants have a sacred cow it is the public schools. They are the standby of democracy and, for one thing, our great defense against the machinations of "Rome." And yet here in New York, and doubtless in Boston and Chicago, and presumably in most of the bigger cities, the public schools are largely manned, and still more largely womanned, by Roman Catholics.

Miss Grace Strachan, who got the Legislature to raise the teachers' salaries in New York, is a Roman Catholic. The celebrated and obstreperous Miss Maggie Haley, of Chicago, who has led the teachers there in a fight against the Board of Education, is an Irishwoman and presumably a Catholic. President Thomas Churchill of the



Charity Patient: DOCTOR, IS THERE ANY DANGER THAT THE OPERATION WILL PROVE FATAL?
 "REALLY, MY GOOD MAN, CONSIDERING THAT WE ARE EXPERIMENTING ON YOU FREE OF CHARGE,
 YOUR IDLE CURIOSITY SMACKS OF INSOLENCE."

Board of Education in New York, who wants more money for the schools than Mayor Mitchel wants to spare him, is also a Catholic. A majority of the Board of Education in New York is Catholic, and probably the same is true in Chicago and Boston. It seems a little odd that our bulwark against Rome should be garrisoned so extensively by Romans, but the Catholics are taxed for the schools which their children don't use much, and if they take it out by teaching in them and getting back as much money as possible in salaries to Catholics, why complain? The Catholic teachers seem to be good teachers. Miss Haley's activities in Chicago are usually commended by the radical, progressive and reformatory

press. Like our Miss Strachan, she is an able politician and seems to get what she goes after.

A looker-on who sees the New York schools in trouble and the Mayor and President Churchill in a wrangle because Miss Strachan's successful salary raid has strained the school fund may get the impression that Roman Catholic teachers feel a limited responsibility about the public schools and look upon them favorably as a source of revenue, but with more or less indifference in their other aspects.

But probably that is not a just impression. It belongs to human nature to want one's pay raised and also to be interested in one's employment if it

is tolerable, and it is not quite credible that the Catholic milkers of democracy's sacred cow should not care about the animal they manipulate. It may seem odd and at first sight rather scandalous that Roman Catholics should serve so much as teachers and managers in schools which their Church rejects as undesirable for Catholic children, but, after all, any connection of the Catholic laity with the public schools is better than none. If not the children, take the grown-ups. The less the Catholics herd alone, the more intimately they are mixed up with Protestants, pagans, Jews, hyphens and unbelievers in every kind of public duty or activity, the better for the country.

E. S. M.

Cats

By E. V. Lucas

THE publication in London, a year and a fortnight after the beginning of the war, when things were still very dark, of an appeal for financial help for a Cats' Home caused one to think. In addition to suggesting that some people were never to understand the real seriousness of events it suggested that it is possible to love one's pets less wisely than well. Indeed, to the social historian of this period the vast and complex machinery which we have built up for the protection and prosperity of dumb creatures, not all of them of any service to man—and in England it is forbidden to use a dog as a means of draught, as the wiser Dutch and Belgians and French do—will afford a peg on which to hang some very curious reflections. Societies for providing animals with comforts that many human beings must go without are numerous; and at the head is, of course, the R. S. P. C. A., the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (although to be quite fair I ought to mention that there is also a similar institution for children) with all its able-bodied, uniformed inspectors—an army in themselves.

Into the merits of these concerns I do not propose to enter here. Enough to remark, apropos of the appeal for homeless cats in the midst of this war, that *The Times*, which, although it may not be the *Jupiter tonans* that

once it was, can still roll cannon-balls down tin channels in the wings with a certain effectiveness, curtly dismissed the matter by remarking that that was no time to "maunder" over pets. What the cat-lovers said to that I cannot report, but I am sure that they did not agree, for it is part of the mental equipment of the true, passionate cat-lover rather to dwell in a paradise apart where immediate facts can be ignored and relative proportions miscalculated. Dog-lovers labor under no such disabilities.

The cat-lover is a more exotic type than the dog-lover. There is something obvious about the dog which can be reflected in its master; something remote and strange in a cat which similarly is suggested in its human adorer. Mr. William Watson wrote a poem in which a cat and a dog personified East and West, oriental and occidental, and the distinction holds. A cat's loyalty (such as it is) is to the hand that spoils it; the dog's to the hand that controls it.

To love both cats and dogs with an equal intensity is practically impossible. There must be a preference for one or the other, and thus is mankind divided. One of the reasons why we like dogs is that dogs are so ready to like us. To like and be liked is very human, and dogs supply this pleasant feeling. But cats have to be wooed; and even then their response

is slow and you cannot, except in rare instances, count upon it at all, and you can never count upon it for certain.

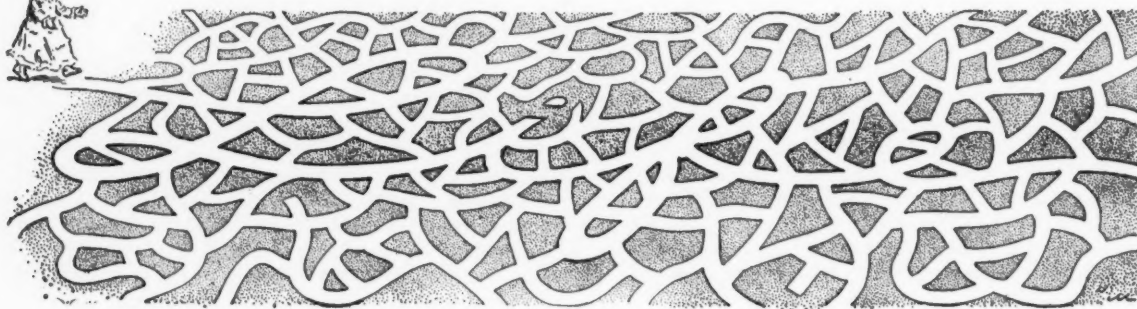
The poet—it was one of the sisters Taylor—who wrote

The dog will come when he is called,
The cat will turn away,

put a chief difference between dog and cat in a nutshell. To many of us who have not much patience the cat's death-warrant as pet is there explicit. Knowing too well that there is not much time, we turn to the more facile or less exacting though deeply faithful dog.

There are, of course, still other and even weightier reasons why dogs are preferred to cats. Some of us do not want to be reminded in season and out of the redness of Nature in tooth and claw. The dog mercifully slurs over this fact, but the cat underlines it. At any moment the most angelic of her tribe (notice how naturally one says "her") may enter the room with a still-struggling bird or mouse and with the expression of a saint torture it to death on the carpet. Dogs are not Quakers, but they do not obtrude their taking of life; and many of them, of course, never kill at all. As for the others, for the most part they are trained to kill by man, and at any rate they like the quarry to have some sort of run for his money.

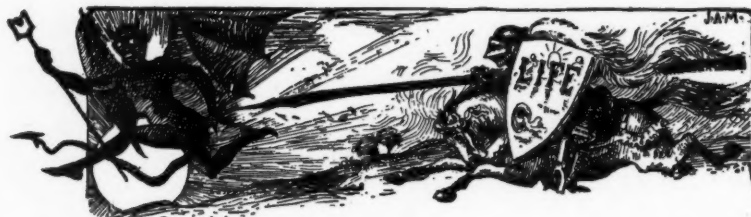
(Continued on page 977)



THE MAZE



TRAGIC MOMENTS
ACCEPTING THE MAN YOU DON'T WANT



NOVEMBER 18, 1915

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 66
No. 1725

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York
English Office, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.



IT is a long time since election. The suffragists did full as well as they should have expected. Half a million men voted on their side in New York. One can only guess whether their cause would have got so many votes as that from New York women. In the three States in which suffrage was an issue it did best in the one in which politics is most in need of reformation, and worst in the one where the electorate is most intelligent.

Whether this vote is the high tide of suffrage can not be told yet. Mrs. Blatch says that never again will she speak from a soap-box—a good resolve which may help her cause. If there will be more votes for suffrage next time and success eventually, there is solace in the knowledge that these campaigns are developing political knowledge and ability in the anti women as well as in the suffragists, and the women voters, if we ever have them, will be divided and looked after very much as the men are. It will be a big job while it lasts, and the labor of it may hasten the simplification of democratic government by such expedients as the short ballot; unless, indeed, we secure the simplifications before the suffrage gets us, and stave it off.

As for the revised constitution, that is a sad story. There was much good in it, but, for one thing, it was too long. Mr. George W. Perkins wanted to know what the revision came to, and, being a man of means, employed two lawyers to read it and tell him. Less affluent voters who had to read

it for themselves excused themselves, as a rule, from that duty, and looked about for some one whose word they could take about it. Judging from the vote, the testimony left the majority of voters in doubt. When the constitution of New York is revised again the appropriation should include a considerable sum to enable voters to employ competent lawyers to tell them individually how to vote on it—unless, indeed, a better way is foreshadowed by the *World* in the opinion that "if Elihu Root had been free to write a constitution for New York that embodied his own principles of government he would have written a constitution that would have been ratified at the polls."

Mr. Root must know, after his summer's labors and the efforts of the pre-election critics, almost exactly what manner of constitution the State needs. If he would write one and publish it, it would be a very great help against the time of the recurrence of this trouble. Meanwhile much of the good that the revisers attempted can be done by legislation if anybody with the requisite brains still has the courage to attempt the job.

It was, as has been said, a very bad year for such a work as constitutional revision and to vote on such a question as votes for women. The war too much engaged the thoughts of the thoughtful and the energies and space of the newspapers. When these matters come up again a good deal of additional light will probably have been thrown on the status of contemporary human life. We are bound to be profoundly affected in this country by the condition in which the war leaves

Europe and by the forces that come out on top in the prodigious convulsion that is now racking that continent. The thought and the struggles that led to the French Revolution were important factors in the founding of this Republic. The rival theories of life and government that are struggling now will not leave it unaffected.



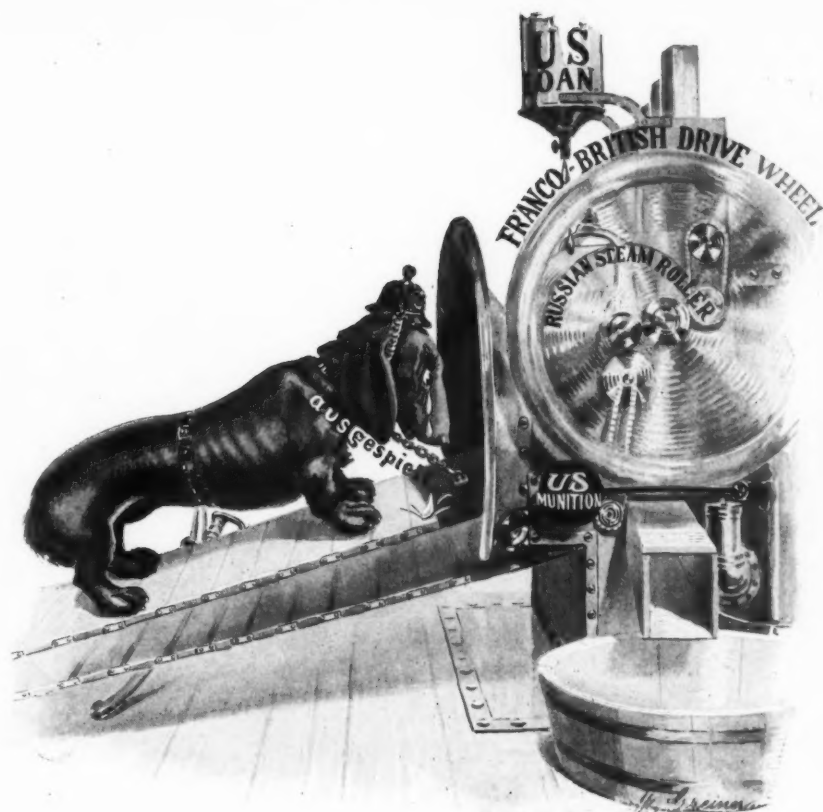
PRESIDENT WILSON'S plea in his Manhattan Club speech for a better military system is a harbinger of changes that will be forced upon us by the experiences of our neighbors. What he calls "the problem of the mobilization of the resources of the nation" has got to be worked out, and will be, worked out, because, as he says, "we have become thoughtful of the things which all reasonable men consider necessary for security and self-defense on the part of every nation confronted with the great enterprise of human liberty and independence.

Which is to say that we are getting down to brass tacks in the matter of national defense. It is time. Mr. Garrison's plan contemplates an increase in the regular army to about 140,000 men, and the enlistment and training of reserve forces at the rate of 133,000 a year, so that in three years we should have a reserve force of 400,000, besides the State militia. That seems moderate enough and is a tentative plan with details still to be worked out and the whole subjected to assault and battery in Congress.

Mr. Bryan is frankly and heartily opposed to any increase of military preparation. Some of the papers say he is "bitterly" opposed, but we do not see the bitterness. He is in opposition, where he belongs, and the only place where he could long be politically happy or useful.

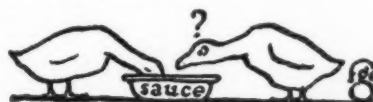
He seems very happy now, carrying the banner of unarmed peace, warning the country against the machinations of the greedy munition-makers and calling with all his voice for new subscribers for the *Commoner*.

Mr. Bryan is not exactly for non-



"CHEER UP, THE WURST IS YET TO COME!"

resistance, but he feels that so long as Colonels such as he was in '98 and troops such as he commanded can be improvised whensoever the tocsin peals, the country is safe. Mr. Bryan feels that talking is cheaper than drilling, and he is better at it, but the country doesn't seem to think so.



NO doubt the expostulation which our government has conveyed to the British government about the rude treatment of American trade by British blockaders is all warranted by facts and justified by law. As expostulations go, it seems an excellent job, displeasing to some of our German friends because it is too polite, and to some of our British brethren as ill-founded and

meddlesome. The British claim that they have a good case at law for everything they have done, and a discussion is in prospect which is not likely to be hurried unless by Congress.

Let us all be patient in this matter. We ought to be, for various reasons. We shall have to be, anyhow, since, thanks largely to Bro. Bryan, we have a treaty with Great Britain which provides for a year of patience in every dispute before doing anything awkward.



BRAND WHITLOCK is coming home for a few weeks of rest. He brings with him the greatest reputation made so far by any American in the war. He is forty-six years old,

and his birthday, significant to remark, is the fourth of March. Whether there will be anything left of him when he gets through with Belgium is a question, but if there should be an available remnant, it will be regarded with great interest by politicians.

Report says that Mr. Whitlock is tired out. If so, our first duty to him is to let him alone until he gets rested. But the great debt Americans owe him for what he has done in their name will doubtless find expression before he goes back.



MR. THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE'S operations at Sing Sing prison have come much to public notice and are under scrutiny and discussion. Mr. Osborne believes in democratic self-government and thinks the principle of it can be used to advantage in penal and reformatory institutions. He practised with it for a good many years at the George Junior Republic and was satisfied on the whole with its workings. He was able to introduce this system with other reforms in Auburn prison, and he was satisfied with it there. He brought it with him to Sing Sing when he was made warden, and it is there now. It provides that the convicts shall have a restricted power to administer the discipline of the prison. It has been on trial at Sing Sing for a year or more, and Mr. Osborne says it works very well. But the newspapers have abounded in tales to the effect that discipline at Sing Sing was demoralized, that matters there were in a bad way, and that Osborne should be thrown out and the old hands who really know about prisons should be put back in control.

Mr. Osborne says he is up against the prison ring, whose members have been ousted from gainful relations with penal administration; that they fear their business will be permanently ruined, and are making a desperate rally to get him out.

The umpire in this fight is Governor Whitman. He shows a gratifying disposition to secure a fair trial for Mr. Osborne's plan.





If You Were to Obey That Impulse



The Comic and the Tragic Mask



MAGGIE

WHAT *Maggie Hobson* said had to be. It made no difference whether it was the dinner hour of her irascible father, the selling of a pair of shoes to an unwilling customer, the matrimonial intentions of her sisters' suitors, or anything else. When *Maggie* said her say, closed her lips and threw the compelling look into her eyes, what *Maggie* said had to be. Yet *Maggie* was so clear-headed and such a winsome lass that in the long run no one was ever sorry that she had had her way. Even when she took *Willie Mossop* by the ear and led him gently but firmly to the nuptial chamber no one in the audience shuddered at his impending fate, in spite of her strictly utilitarian nightdress.

Maggie is the heroine of "Hobson's Choice," the most amusing little comedy that has come to town since "Buntie Pulls the Strings." Miss Molly Pearson, who was the *Buntie* in the earlier piece, is the *Maggie* in the present one and heads a very competent cast. In fact, the excellence of the acting throughout is largely the cause of the charm of the play. Its scene is laid in Lancashire, and it is to be feared that with an ordinary New York company a good deal of the fun would have oozed out. With this English cast every character is a distinct study, and yet the teamwork is very nearly perfect. It is sheer delight to witness finished artistry like that of Miss Pearson as *Maggie* and of Mr. Whitford Kane as the unwilling bridegroom. Mr. A. G. Andrews was excellent as the bibulous father who thought he was boss in his own household, but wasn't, and Mr. Robert Forsyth showed us the kind of treatment that a Scotch doctor has to provide for the stubborn English provincial. All of the other parts were character rôles of the kind that actors love, and every one was done with artistic conscientiousness.

For any one who likes the stage to miss this performance would be almost criminal neglect. Those who like to laugh with reason for laughter will find "Hobson's Choice" most reasonable cause for merriment.

OF more serious import is "The Eternal Magdalene," in which Julia Arthur returns to the stage after a twelve years' absence. She seems to have lost nothing in charm and expertness and to have gained nothing in magnetism. She plays the part of the compassionate and pleading *Magdalene*, partly modern and partly mystic, with womanliness and convincing composure in the quieter passages, although when she becomes declamatory she fails to stir her audience deeply. It is to her credit that after so long an absence from her work she is able to bring back to it so much of attraction and effectiveness.

Mr. McLaughlin's play applies the methods of "The Servant in the House" to the historic problem of the outcast woman. He ingeniously utilizes a dream to cover the transition from very practical modernism to the mystic strain that gives this play a little more poetic atmosphere than usually attaches to the reform side of his topic. He offers no solution to the problem, and, in fact, has one of his characters set forth convincingly the futility of modern amateur methods in dealing with an evil that has balked the wisdom of the ages. The play is a plea for pity voiced through the lips of her who, in the Christian religion, stands for the type of her kind. The dream makes her a reality and is also employed ingeniously by the dramatist to give a happy ending to what bid fair to be a rather tragic drama.

The support given to Julia Arthur is a good one, Mr. Emmett Corrigan giving an especially fine interpretation of the crusading citizen who is converted from the doctrine of persecution to that of pity. "The Eternal Magdalene" is a pretty familiar topic treated dramatically in original and interesting fashion.



"THE Angel in the House" is said to have been well liked by one part of the London public. If this is true, it must have been played very differently from the way it was presented here. Rarely has a humorous piece with pretensions to satire failed so completely to please either those looking for humor or those capable of detecting satire. It was a combined drive at the futurist school of painting and at the theory of eugenics, this set forth in a coating of stodgy English farce. The sight of a gentleman of aesthetic leanings discovered with his lower limbs clad in a flannel petticoat, borrowed for the sake of warmth from a woman friend, might set the British Isles into roars of laughter, but American audiences have progressed beyond such subtle appeals. And this was the humorous climax of "The Angel in the House."

Perhaps Mr. Arnold Daly had some definite idea of a character in his portrayal of *The Hon. Hyacinth Petavel*. If so, he entirely failed to convey it across the footlights. Making all allowances for the eccentricities of the English aesthete, he would at least have distinction of some kind, and in this Mr. Daly was entirely lacking. He was simply a boulder who would instantly have been recognized as such by even the stupid English pictured in this play by the authors, Messrs. Eden Phillpotts and B. M. Hastings. That fine actor, Mr. George Giddens, made the old baronet of the piece incredibly guileless, but there were others in the family not entirely idiotic and with enough athletic ability to follow the obvious course and chuck the aesthete, as conceived by Mr. Daly, into the conveniently located lake. Clever artists like Mr. Giddens and Hilda Spang were wholly wasted on this material. It is incredible that with his experience as an actor Mr. Daly could expect any one to approve his conception of the part of *Petavel* and his method of acting it.

MAGGIE'S
COMPELLING
LOOK

THE Metropolitan never had a longer queue of waiting spectators than the one, four wide, that stretched around the corner from the Strand



MAGGIE'S WEDDING BREAKFAST

Theatre at every movie performance of "Carmen" with Geraldine Farrar in the title rôle. The film was tremendously exploited in advance by its press agent, the prima donna having been thoroughly circused from one coast to the other and back again for that purpose. As a moving-picture play this version, made from the book more than from the opera, is unusually free from the photographic tricks that cheapen most of the films. Evidently its producers were content to rely upon the fame of their star and the impressive natural settings of the California sea and mountains.



LIFE is afraid it may lose caste with the deacons and other joy-dispellers if it expresses its firmly held conviction that "Fair and Warmer," by Mr. Avery Hopwood, is one of the most laughable farces seen here in many a moon. The deacons and such would probably think it very naughty. And yet it would puzzle

the deacons themselves to point out wherein it is naughty. The naughtiness, if naughtiness there be, is not in what happens, but what might happen, and this must be suggested in the minds of the deacons when they see the play. It is frivolous, to be sure, and even dissipated, but it is not vulgar. Its small but excellent cast handle with delicacy situations that less discreetly pictured might very easily be vulgarized. Opportunities in that direction that are expertly glossed over here by the author, producers and artists would have been fully exploited in Paris. Much of the credit in this respect is due to Mr. John Cumberland and to Madge Kennedy, who save their scenes from any suggestion of reproach by the lightness of their humor. The fun is heightened by the quality of the work in less important rôles by Janet Beecher, Olive May and Messrs. Hamilton Revelle and Ralph Morgan.

Go on, deacon. Go to see "Fair and Warmer." It won't hurt you, and even you may be the better by a good laugh. Metcalfe.

Life's Confidential Guide to the Theatres

Astor.—"Hit-the-Trail Holliday," by Mr. George M. Cohan and others. Revivalists of the Billy Sunday type satirized in a jovial way in an amusing farcical comedy.

Bandbox.—The Washington Square Players in a new bill of four playlets. Notice later.

Belasco.—"The Boomerang," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. The doctors get part of what is coming to them as subjects of mirth in a clever and admirably acted comedy.

Booth.—Mr. E. H. Sothern in "The Two Virtues," by Alfred Sutro. Very English, but well acted and extremely witty comedy of the day.

Candler.—"The House of Glass," by Max Marcin. Drama dealing with the history of a woman who has fallen foul of the police in her early years and who is not able to escape their memory when she has established herself in life.

Casino.—"The Blue Paradise." Tuneful

and amusing comic operetta of the Viennese type.

Century.—Mr. Ned Wayburn's "Town Topics." Girl-and-music show on a large scale and with spectacular effects.

Comedy.—"Hobson's Choice," by Mr. Harold Brighouse. See above.

Cort.—"The Princess Pat," by Messrs. Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom. Agreeable comic operetta of American manufacture. Diverting and pleasantly rendered.

Eltinge.—"Fair and Warmer," by Mr. Avery Hopwood. See above.

Empire.—Mr. William Gillette reappearing in his former successes.

Forty-fourth Street.—Harry Lauder, the Scotch vaudevillian.

Forty-eighth Street.—Julia Arthur in "The Eternal Magdalene," by Mr. Robert McLaughlin. See above.

Fulton.—Mr. Arnold Daly in "The Angel in the House." See above.

Gaiety.—"Sadie Love," by Mr. Avery Hopwood. Notice later.

Globe.—"Chin-Chin." Apparently indefinite run of this elaborate and laughable musical extravaganza with Messrs. Montgomery and Stone as the chief laugh-makers.

Harris.—"Rolling Stones." Diverting comedy showing how two young apprentice hoboos became, through their personal efficiency, successful business men.

Hippodrome.—"Hip-Hip-Hooray." Big stage, big company, big ballet, big ice-scene, big spectacle, and all good of their respective kinds.

Hudson.—"Under Fire." Well-acted and interesting drama of the present war, with some telling scenes in trench and hospital.

Knickerbocker.—Moving-picture actors pretentiously done, with well-known actors in the leading rôles.

Liberty.—Last fortnight of "The Birth of a Nation." Closing scenes of the Civil War, the reconstruction period and the rule of the Ku Klux Klan shown in impressive moving pictures.

Little.—Closed.

Longacre.—"The Great Lover," by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton. Notice later.

Lyceum.—"Our Mrs. McChesney." The lady drummer of the Edna Ferber stories visualized by Ethel Barrymore. Not much as a play, but fairly amusing in its picturing of familiar phases of life.

Lyric.—"Abe and Mawruss," by Montague Glass and Roi Cooper Megrue. Second edition of the cloak-and-suit trade dramatized with its Jewish characters. Very amusing.

Marine Elliott's.—"Quinneys," by Mr. H. A. Vachell. Attractive little domestic comedy based on the possibilities of the trade in antique furniture as it is conducted in England. Very well done.

Playhouse.—Grace George in "The Liars," by Henry Arthur Jones. Notice later.

Princess.—Closed.

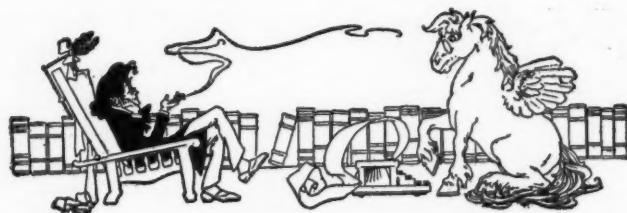
Punch and Judy.—"Treasure Island." Notice later.

Republic.—"Common Clay," by Mr. Cleves Kinkaid. Another drama of the sex question, but interesting and especially well acted by a good company headed by Jane Cowl and Messrs. John Mason and Russ Whytall.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"The Unchastened Woman," by Mr. Louis Ansbacher. Hectic drama of the sex question, with life portrayed very much as it isn't. Mr. Reeves-Smith and Emily Stevens at the head of a good company.

Vitagraph.—"The Battle Cry of Peace." Sensational moving picture voicing truthfully in many ways America's unpreparedness for invasion by a foreign foe.

Winter Garden.—"The World of Pleasure." Unclad pleasures for the t. b. m. to the accompaniments of rag-time and the futile efforts of cheap comedians.



The Latest Books

"THE Song of the Lark"—that is the name of a novel that you would do wisely to make a note of. It is by Willa Sibert Cather, and deals with the outcropping of genius in a Colorado desert girl—a sort of indigenously western American version of "The Divine Fire"—and possesses, quite strikingly and beyond question, the fictional equivalent of the creator's breath breathed into clay. Evidently the fine burst of fresh American fiction by young American writers that marked the spring of 1915 is—still bursting. For, while Miss Cather has published two novels before this one—"Alexander's Bridge" and "O Pioneers"—her gain in scope and skill has been so rapid and is so marked in "The Song of the Lark" (Houghton, Mifflin, \$1.40) that the term "burst" is still applicable to her performance. The last quarter of this story of *Thea Kronborg* is less successfully handled than the rest. But turning the heel and narrowing the toe of this sort of true-to-life fiction is a knitting problem that older hands than Miss Cather's drop stitches in solving.

"THE Song of the Lark" is a pink-icing sort of title for Miss Cather's fine novel. But nothing could be more introductory and like a struck tuning-fork than the title of Jennette Lee's attractive genre study of benevolent autocracy, "Aunt Jane" (Scribners, \$1.25). *Aunt Jane* is nominally the head nurse of a large, semi-private, endowed hospital, founded by a grateful patient as a clinic for an able surgeon. But as a matter of wireless psychological fact she alternates between being the immovable pivot on which the institutional mechanism turns and the intangible horse-power that turns it; finding time, meanwhile, to be a most lovable lady of placid exterior and susceptible sympathies. This being a hospital story, by the way, it makes a specialty of heart troubles.

IF one elected to judge the individual articles that make up Walter A. Dyer's book on "Early American Crafts-

men" (Century, \$2.40) by the specialist's strict standards of thoroughness and accuracy, one's verdict on the volume would of necessity be adverse. For purposes of extensive rather than intensive information, however, the book will be found both interesting and effective. Public interest in both the history and the concrete survivals of early American craftsmanship is growing rapidly, not merely among collectors, but among the thousands who constantly visit the museums of the country and the garnished historical buildings scattered through the East. And this baker's dozen of articles on the furniture and clock and glass makers of the colonies, the pewter and brass workers, silversmiths and other craftsmen, ministers effectually to this growing interest.

SOME people collect old furniture, and others collect new sensations. The latter are invited to wander at will among James Huneker's "Ivory Apes and Peacocks" (Scribners, \$1.50)—essays on various writers, composers, painters and poets. But those who have not purchased any sensations from Mr. Huneker recently are warned that the character of his business has altered. Time was when he was personally vibrant; when he exuberantly experienced all his own sensations; when he shipped these to his customers packed in language that insured their freshness on arrival. Nowadays he does a fashionable business in synthetic thrills (compounded in the library like chemical camphor in the laboratory) and in personal esthetic reactions (see his essay on "Schoenberg") that suggest *Pâté de Strasbourg*, both in cruelty of origin and in character of result.

PERHAPS, however, you do not want esoteric sensations and exotic thrills, but would like the homelier satisfaction of finding someone who, with a song in his heart, was putting his own and your plain, every-day feelings about plain, every-day things—about the bread-line



THE BATTLE CRY

"NOTHING IS LOST SAVE HONOR"

and the people in the subway and the war and the Woolworth Tower and his best girl—into good, old-fashioned, lilt-ing, rhyming verse? If so, Dana Burnet's "Poems" (business of a critical Pontius Pilate making ablutionary motions with his hands and asking, "What are 'poems'?") should suit your need. (Harper, \$1.20.)

SPEAKING of names for novels, how about "The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck" (McBride, \$1.35). This is the title of James Branch Cabell's gallant yet biting comedy of satirical realism, in which, under the guise of telling the story of a marriage contracted back in the '90's between a middle-aged, penniless Southern aristocrat and the spoiled daughter of a rich contractor, he strips the "old South after the war" of its last rag of chivalrous tradition and exposes it, a likable but ludicrous figure, to the cold light of literalness. The thing is done not only with amazing cleverness, but with fine feeling. For to unmask so hallowed and huge a hypocrisy with such absolute ruthlessness, yet to avoid in the doing even the appearance of malice, is a triumph of the spirit as well as of technique.

J. B. Kerfoot.



Army: GOLLY! AND YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE EFFICIENT. PERHAPS, SOME DAY, THEY'LL DISCOVER THAT I'M NOT AN IRRESISTIBLE HORDE

The Public Duty of Making Lawyers

ONE Rev. Russell Conwell, described as President of Temple University in Philadelphia, is quoted as declaring in a speech in Pittsburgh that the rich, by endowments, now control the standards of education so that "the poor boy no longer has an equal opportunity with the son of wealthy parents in obtaining a professional education."

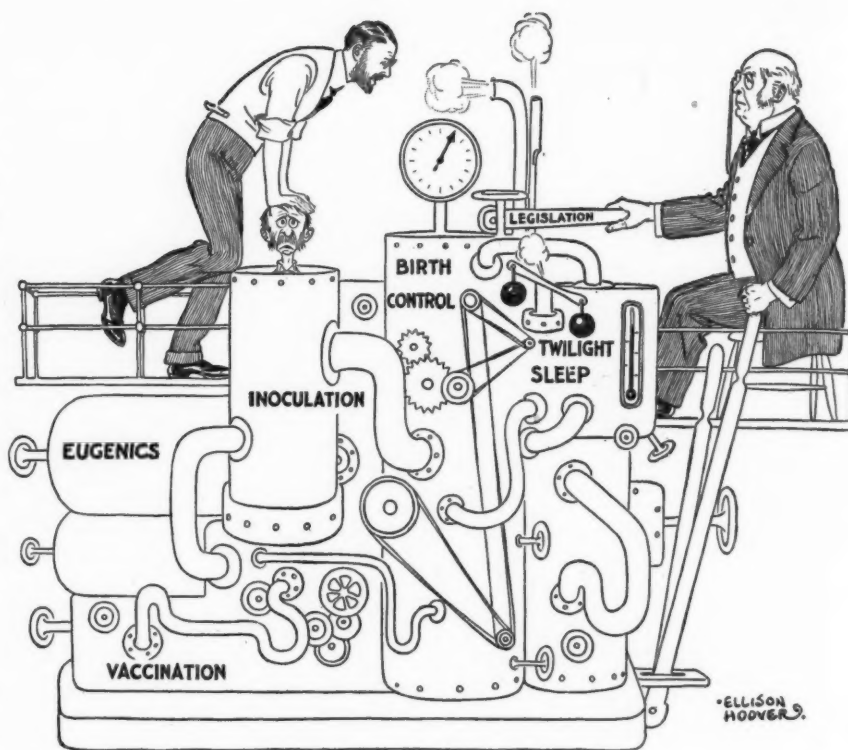
Awful! One by one our boasted liberties are being cracked on the head by the crafty capitalists and removed to the scrap-heap. Bro. Opper, of the Hearst troupe, should draw a picture of it—and doubtless will—for Bro. Conwell.

But, after all, was there ever a time when the poor boy had an equal chance with the child of solvent parents to break into any profession but the ministry?

Perhaps it was easier for a clever poor boy to get into law or medicine before the days of law-schools and medical-schools than it is now, but we doubt it. It is not very hard now, especially to get into law. Is it a part of the business of the State (meaning the taxpayer) to make entrance to these professions easier? If a boy wants to be a lawyer, must the State make a lawyer of him? Here in New York that process is being furthered by wholesale by all the local colleges,



THE FAMOUS CONDUCTOR TRIES TO GET SOME HARMONY INTO THE TWINS' MID-NIGHT EFFORT



"HE'S OBJECTING AGAIN, DOCTOR. SAYS IT DOESN'T SEEM SENSIBLE"

especially the City College, which ministers gratis to the hunger of so many clever and diligent young Jews for the information that leads to admission to the bar. Whether so great a multiplication of very needy young lawyers promotes the public interest is proper for inquiry and consideration.

Lawyers should be picked men; men of probity as well as learning. That is even more true of doctors. A bad lawyer is mischievous; still more so a bad doctor. Questions of morals crowd in upon doctors. They carry heavy responsibilities. Is a great multiplication of doctors, taught at the public cost, to be desired?

Whether doctors and lawyers receive free education or not, the best will be apt to get to the top, and the ordinary sifting by competition will help the public. Nevertheless, enough doctors and enough lawyers are as good as too many. There are enough as it is. Why, then, berate the endowed colleges because there are not more?

To Save Our Fossil Dragons

OWING to the spread of the temperance movement and impending disappearance of what reptiles are left, the President, on recommendation of Secretary Lane, has created the Dinosaur National Monument in Utah, to preserve the Juratrias rock-reefs in which have been found some of the biggest fossil reptiles in the world.

It is a good plan to make this reservation. After rum has been completely abolished people will need all this fossil evidence to convince them that there ever were any dragons.

DROPPING bombs in Venice is just plain dirt.

It is war, not on Italy, but on art, history, religion. It is an expression of the same brutish spirit that burned the library long ago at Alexandria, and lately at Louvain.

Protect Our Good Name

GOODYEAR

Visitors to the Goodyear factories are always impressed with a framed sign which confronts them at every turn.

In every room in every Goodyear building, they encounter the same message: *Protect our good name.*

It hangs on the walls of all the Goodyear branches throughout the country, and is being adopted by tire dealers everywhere as an expression of the spirit in which their business is conducted.

We believe that the public will be interested in the analysis of this simple but striking sentiment which is published herewith.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

H. D. Dribbling

President

STRIPPED to the waist, his huge torso streaming with sweat, a workman swings the heavy iron core to an iron table, and wrenches off a tire which has just come steaming from the heater.

His eye falls on the legend over his head, and he smiles.

Our good name is also his good name.

The two are intertwined.

He will protect the one while he subserves the other.

His thoughts are—as they should be—chiefly of himself, of his little home, and of his family.

Their good name, his good name, our good name—his good work will stand guard over them all.

* * *

Two thousand miles away—in Seattle, we will say—the same thought, in the same simple words.

An irritating moment has arrived—the temptation to speak sharply to a customer, to fling a slur at unworthy competition.

The salesman, or the manager, or whosoever it may be, looks up, and the quiet admonition meets his eye.

Protect our good name.

In a twinkling it smoothes the wrinkles out of his point of view.

He is himself again—a man with a responsibility which he could not escape if he would; and would not, if he could.

Back two thousand miles again to the factories—this time to the experimental room. An alluring chance to save—to make more profit by skimping, by substitution. No one will ever know. But—the silent monitor repeats its impressive admonition.

Protect our good name.

What chance to compromise with conscience in the presence of that vigilant guardian?

* * *

Thousands of men striving to keep a name clean.

And keeping their own clean in the process.

* * *

We Americans, it is said, make a god out of business.

Let the slur stand.

Whether it be true or not—it is true that business is our very life.

Shall it be a reproach to us that we try to make business as good as it can be made?

* * *

Think of *this* business, please, in the light of its great animating thought:

Protect our good name.

We are thinking of you, always, when we say it—you American millions, and you millions in the old world.

We think of you judging us, judging us—by what we are, by what we do, by what we make.

We think of tens of thousands of homes in which our name can be made to stand for that which is worthy and worth while.

We must not lose your good will—we must not tarnish our good name.

* * *

You can call that anything you like.

You can call it business, or sentiment or idealism, or nonsense.

It may be all of these.

It may even be that which our national critics call making a god of business.

But at least it gives to us a motive that is bigger and broader and deeper than money.

It makes thousands of men happier in their work and more faithful to it.

It has made of this business a democracy of united thought—a democracy of common endeavor—a democracy of purpose and principle.

* * *

And here is the oddest thing of all:—

The more we live up to this "impractical" ideal, the greater the business grows.

The more we labor for the future, the more we profit in the present.

The more we strive for character, the greater the reward in money.

The more we put into our product, the more we take out in sales.

Pernaps, after all, there is more than one sense in which it is good to make a god out of business.

We think so.

And we think you think so.

H. D. Dribbling, President

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company



Always Safety First

"You say that you want some name engraved on this ring," said the jeweller to the bashful young man.

"Yes; I want the words, 'George, to his dearest Alice' engraved on the inside of the ring."

"Is the young lady your sister?"

"No; she is the young lady to whom I am engaged."

"Well, if I were you I would not have 'George, to his dearest Alice' engraved on the ring. If Alice changes her mind you can't use the ring again."

"What would you suggest?"

"I would suggest the words, 'George, to his first and only love.' You see, with that inscription you can use the ring half a dozen times. I have had experience in such matters myself."

—Tit-Bits.

"PA, what is an echo?"

"An echo, my son, is the only thing that can cheat a woman out of the last word."—*Boston Transcript*.



"A LITTLE LIGHT ON A DARK SUBJECT"

A Fable

A woman once came to the cave of a sage, who was renowned for his profound analysis of her sex.

"Father," said she, "let me sit at your feet awhile. I am but a woman—faulty and foolish and weak—but I would fain be the pupil of your learning and the disciple of your virtues."

And the sage, secure in his wisdom, consented.

Then he laid himself down to sleep in the shade of a rock, out of the glare of the sun. When he wakened he was blindfolded and bound hand and foot—a prisoner to love.

He had protected himself against every feminine weapon except the most dangerous one—humility!

—*New York Evening Sun*.

In the Original

George Ade was in Germany one summer and met a German professor. "Mr. Ade," inquired the professor, "have your works been translated into German?"

"No," Ade replied, "they haven't been translated into English yet."

—*Saturday Evening Post*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print. The text and illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted. For Reprint Rights in Great Britain apply to LIFE, 114 Southampton Row, London, W. C.

LIFE is for sale by all newsdealers in Great Britain and may be obtained from book-sellers in all the principal cities in the world. The foreign trade supplied from LIFE's London Office, Rolls House, Breems Buildings, London, E. C.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Prompt notification should be sent by subscribers of any change of address.



Let us be thankful for those
whom we toast and for the
drink worthy of the honor—

CLUB COCKTAILS

—for whose delicate and distinctive
flavor discerning people
are thankful all the year 'round.



G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO
Importers of the famous Brand's A-1 Sauce
HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON



Poet: HANG IT! I LEFT MY UMBRELLA IN THAT EDITOR'S OFFICE.

Wife (sarcastically): NEVER MIND, DEAR, HE'LL RETURN IT.

BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT

From Jason Weiler & Son, Boston, Mass., Leading Diamond Importers and save 20 to 40% on retail or your jewelers' prices.

FOR over 39 years the house of Jason Weiler & Son of Boston has been one of the leading diamond importing concerns in America selling to jewelers. However, a large business is also being done now by mail direct with customers at importing prices!

Here are some of the diamond offers—direct to you by mail—which clearly demonstrate our position to name prices on diamonds that should surely interest any present or prospective diamond purchaser:—



1 Carat \$95.00

This 1-carat genuine diamond is of great brilliancy and perfectly cut. Mounted in Tiffany style 14k. solid gold setting. Money refunded if you can duplicate it for less than \$125.00. Our price, direct to you **\$95.**



1/4 Carat \$43.00

This 1/4-carat genuine diamond is of great brilliancy and perfectly cut. Mounted in Tiffany style 14k. solid gold setting. Money refunded if you can duplicate it for less than \$60.00. Our price, direct to you **\$43.** by mail



1/4 Carat \$32.00

This 1/4-carat genuine diamond is of great brilliancy and perfectly cut. Mounted in Tiffany style 14k. solid gold setting. Money refunded if it can be duplicated by any jeweler for less than \$50. Our **\$32.** price, direct to you



Dinner Ring Princess Style \$88.00

Sixteen perfectly cut diamonds completely surrounding five beautiful square cut sapphires of rich velvety blue, set in solid platinum. **\$88.** Our price, direct

If you can duplicate this ring for less than \$120.00, send it back and money will be refunded.



3/4 Carats \$575.00

This 3/4-carats genuine diamond is of great brilliancy, fine color and perfectly cut. Mounted in ladies' or men's style 14k. solid gold setting. Money refunded if your jeweler can duplicate it for less than \$725.00. Our price, direct to you **\$575.**



1/4 Carat \$65.00

This 1/4-carat genuine diamond is of great brilliancy and perfectly cut. Mounted in men's tooth belcher 14k. solid gold setting. Money refunded if your jeweler can duplicate this for less than \$85.00. Our price, direct to you by mail **\$65.**



Men's Octagon Top Diamond Ring \$280.00

Heavy 18k. gold setting—green-gold finish—inlaid with black enamel as shown in illustration. Platinum border around diamond. Perfectly cut blue white diamond. Money refunded if you can duplicate it elsewhere for less than \$350.00. **\$280.** Our price



Men's Diamond Ring \$175.00

Perfectly cut blue white diamond mounted in 18k. solid gold pierced setting in the new olive finish. Diamond is securely embedded in solid platinum square top. Money refunded if your jeweler can duplicate this ring for less than \$250.00. Our **\$175.** price to you

IT IS NOT NECESSARY TO SEND MONEY IN ADVANCE

If you are interested in any of the above direct diamond quotations, or the hundreds of others which we illustrate in our Diamond Book (a copy of which we will send you FREE), then write us TODAY. We will send to your Bank or an Express Company a selection of diamonds for your approval. You will be under no obligation to purchase any of them. We pay all express or mail charges, both ways, whether you purchase or not.

Our Diamond guarantee goes with every purchase, guaranteeing full value for all time. Money refunded in full if not entirely satisfied.

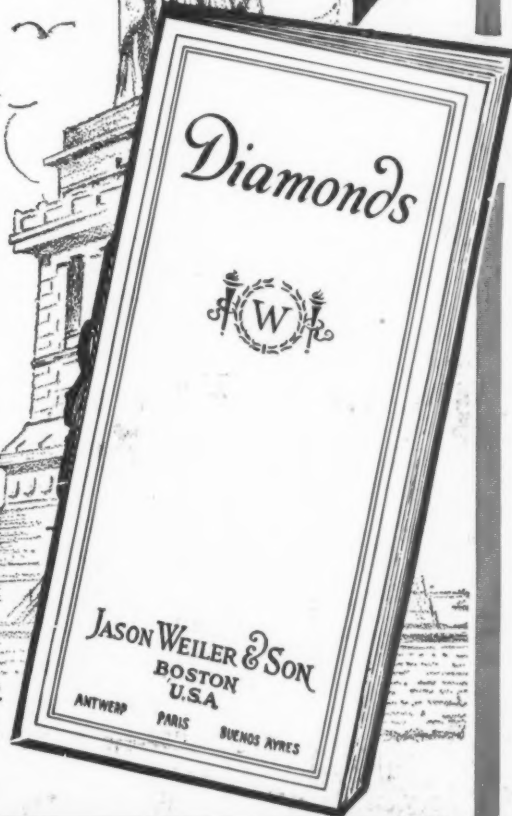
Jason Weiler & Son

371 Washington St. Boston, Mass.

Diamond Importers Since 1876
Foreign Agencies — Antwerp and Paris

THIS BOOK

will be mailed to you free immediately on receipt of your name and address. It shows you How to Buy Diamonds without paying Retail dealers' profits. Tells how to judge, select and buy diamonds. Tells how they are mined, cut and marketed. This book shows weights, sizes, prices (\$10 to \$20,000) and is considered authority. It illustrates diamonds from 1/4-carat up to a \$100,000 collection.



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Change for the Better

"We were bounding along," said a recent traveler on a local South African single-line railway, "at the rate of about seven miles an hour, and the whole train was shaking terribly. I expected every moment to see my bones protruding through my skin. Passengers were rolling from one end of the car to the other. I held on firmly to the arms of the seat. Presently we settled down a bit quieter; at least I could keep my hat on and my teeth didn't chatter.

"There was a quiet-looking man opposite me. I looked up with a ghastly smile, wishing to appear cheerful, and said:

"We are going a bit smoother, I see."

"Yes," he said, "we're off the track now."—*Chicago News.*

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Back to Consciousness

The sick man had just come out of a long delirium.

"Where am I?" he said, feebly, as he felt the loving hands making him comfortable. "Where am I? In heaven?"

"No, dear," cooed his devoted wife. "I am still with you."

—*Kansas City Journal.*

Leedawl COMPASS

For the Outdoor Man

Whether Sportsman, Motorist, Traveller or Tourist,—he will appreciate the gift of a good compass.

We manufacture a most complete and handsome line of compasses ranging in price from \$1.00 to \$5.00 each. Ask your dealer to show you our Leedawl—the only guaranteed, jeweled compass for \$1.00 or the Cebynite, Meradial, Litente and Aurapole Compasses. Sold by the better class Opticians, Druggists and Sporting Goods Dealers.

If your dealer does not have them, write us for folder C-13.

Taylor Instrument Companies
AMES STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Makers of Scientific Instruments of Superiority

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

"The Ultimate in Cigarettes"
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture, refinement
and education invariably
PREFER Deities to
any other cigarette.

25¢

Anagyrus

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World.



No Cause of Action

"I hear there is a movement on foot to weed out all unscrupulous lawyers from the Plunkville bar."

"We investigated and found there are no unscrupulous lawyers at the Plunkville bar."

"Who investigated?"

"Us lawyers."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

BACARDI Makes The Perfect
Cocktail, Rickey or Highball. Try It!

SPORTSMAN: Is it worth my time to shoot in this neighborhood?"

NATIVE: Well, the shootin' ain't wuth shucks, but then, I don't know what your time is wuth.—*Boston Transcript.*

MRS. BLANK: How had I better have my new dress made?

BLANK: Small in the bill.

—*Boston Transcript.*

The UP-TO-YOU Cigarette Case

Classy, unique and thoroughly practical. Operated by one hand the forefinger of which opens the box and brings the contents

"UP-TO-YOU"

No metal springs, clamps, or pressure to crush or bruise the cigarettes. Covered with leather, throughout. Size 3x2 1/4 in., weight 1 oz. In genuine black seal or imported pigskin. Price \$1. A special one for full dress in dainty white Morocco for \$1.25. All postage paid. With your initials stamped plain or in gold leaf, 25c additional.



DEALERS Should stock the Up-to-You for their Holiday trade. Write for terms.

UP-TO-YOU Case Co., Brattleboro, Vermont

SEXOLOGY

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D.
imparts in a clear wholesome way, in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in one volume, illustrated, \$2.00 postpaid.

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.
PURITAN PUB. CO., 797 PERRY BLDG., PHILA., PA.

Happy Ending Wanted

A charming, auburn-haired nurse tells the story. She bent over the bed of one badly wounded man and asked him if he would like anything to read. The soldier fixed a humorous eye on her and said, "Miss, can you get me a nice novel? I'd like one about a golden-haired girl and a wounded soldier, with a happy ending." After this the pretty nurse looks down contemptuously on civilian compliments.

—*Manchester Guardian.*

CARSTAIRS RYE

THE "SPIRITS" OF 1788
AND OF 1915



Impossible Conversations

IT was the dulllest part of the business afternoon.

"What impresses me," said the office boy to the head of the firm, "is that, although you have been associated with me now for a long time, it hasn't seemed to do you any good."

"I don't quite see that," said the head of the firm.

"Well, for one thing, you have no enthusiasm for honest work. You make a bluff at it, but you really don't do anything. Everybody else works for you, but you do nothing but pretend you amount to something. And your manners are invariably bad. If I said one half the things you say in a day, I'd lose my job. Your real trouble is that you have no capacity for development. You've reached your limit. Nobody's example—not even mine—will do you any good."

The head of the firm actually smiled.

"Granted that what you say is true," he replied, "what would be the use? I am successful. Isn't that plenty?"

"There you are!" cried the office boy. "You think just because you are successful that you are alive. But you are not. You're dead. That's the main point, my boy. You're ignorant. You think you're somebody because, as you so smugly state, you are successful. Nonsense! That's when you began to be nobody."

"You don't expect me to believe that, do you?"

"Certainly not. If you had the capacity of believing in what is true, you wouldn't be here."

"Where would I be?" asked the head of the firm.

The office boy reflected as he started in on one of the ink wells.

"Well," he replied, "I suppose you would be working for somebody else."



ON THE CONTRARY

Thanksgivin'

While we're givin' thanks this season
For prosperity an' peace
An' for barns an' corncribs burstin'
With the fruits of earth's increase,
Ain't it right to be as thankful
For the thing we sometimes call
The comfort bringin' peace-plant—
Nature's last, best gift of all?
She makes it out of sunshine
An' she cools it in the breeze
An' she gives it to the fragrance
Of the apples on the trees.
Like a fav'rite child she tends it,
Till it's full grown-up, an' then
She cures it into VELVET—
To make glad the hearts of men.

Velvet Joe

Truly was not tobacco the last great gift of Nature to be disclosed to us? And if Nature ever had a "fav'rite child," surely it is the Burley leaf of Kentucky that Nature herself is allowed to transform into VELVET.

Mildness, "body" fragrance—pipe smoking qualities, all—are given to Burley tobacco above its less favored "relatives."

And in order that nothing of these be lost, Nature is our chief adviser in the maturing of VELVET. "Pipe Tobacco," she says, in effect, "reaches its full excellence after two years of maturing." Two years VELVET spends in wooden hogsheads taking on the mellowness that makes it the smoothest smoking tobacco.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

10c Tins 5c Metal-lined Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors

MELLOW
AS
MOONLIGHT

CASCADE

PURE
WHISKY

It takes Nature ages to make a mellow landscape—it has taken Nature and age to make Cascade's mellowness.

Original Bottling
has Old Gold Label

GEO. A. DICKEL & CO.
Distillers
NASHVILLE, TENN.

9-L



Copr. Life Pub. Co.



NOT GUILTY

Printed in *full color* on fine Bristol board,
size 12 x 16.

PRICE 25 CENTS

Sent *prepaid* on receipt of remittance.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
17 West 31st Street, New York City

Momentous Decisions

That each man must make for himself.

WHEN to put on his winter underwear.
When to take it off.

Whether or not to write a letter to the *New York Times*.

Whether or not he'd look well in knickerbockers.

"Scotch or rye, sir?"

Just what the trouble with *his* game is.

Whether or not to learn the words to the Star Spangled Banner or to let it go at "Oh, say can you see tra-la-la-la-la—"

Whether or not to introduce Boggs to his wife.

Whether or not to admit he's getting bald.

What percentage of the bill to tip the waiter.

Whether or not to carry a stick outside of New York.

What operation to select from the assortment offered by his physician.

Whether to give his wife one-fifth, one-third, or one-half of the amount she asks for.

Our Latest Reproach

GET a sheet and walk backward with averted eyes, and drop it over the Panama Canal.

It is a pity for it to get so full, but its habits have never been dependable.

Goethals has his coat off and is out to reform it from the bottom up.



"FRANKIE, AREN'T YOU COMING IN TO KISS AUNTIE?"
"IT IS NO USE, MOTHER, SHE WON'T STAY KISSED."

"M
no ch
retur
Trus
with
in an
In
way
slips,
letter
them
mont
addit

Co
avera
qualit
min
servic
effect

You
paym
to hav
the sa
have

The
Electr
ing ink
paper fe
release.
scope, fo
printing.

THE

THE MULTIGRAPH



The American Security and Trust Company printed all these forms and many others on the Senior Multigraph equipment, shown, with operator at the left. Only the forms themselves can give an idea of the high quality of the work.



TURNING LIABILITIES INTO ASSETS

"Making money" is a bank's business, but they take no chances on unsafe investments, however large the returns. Here's how the American Security and Trust Company of Washington, combined safety with an investment that netted them over 100% in annual saving!

In the Multigraph they discovered an economical way to produce letterheads, reports, checks, deposit slips, and many other forms, as well as circular letters. The high quality of this printing surprised them as much as its very low cost. Month after month developed new uses, and each use brought additional saving.

Every Size and Kind of Business Can Use the Multigraph Profitably

Compact and complete, easily operated by the average employee, the Multigraph produces high quality form typewriting and printing quickly and at minimum cost. Its use means more business, better service, and helps to work out office systems more effectively.

You take no risk—20% down and easy monthly payments will buy any Multigraph equipment. Ask to have a representative call upon you with proof of the saving to you. He can show you what others have done. You incur no obligation.

Two Different Models

The Multigraph Senior

Electrically driven, with printing ink attachment, automatic paper feed, and automatic platen release. A machine with a wide scope, for speed as well as quality printing.

The Multigraph Junior

This wonderful little addition to the Multigraph line is especially adapted to concerns who have only a moderate amount of form typewriting and printing. It is hand operated, but turns out the same high quality of work as the Senior.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES COMPANY
1810 E. 40th St., Cleveland, Ohio
Offices in all principal cities

Savings Made in the American Security & Trust Company

Month	Printer's Cost	Multigraph Cost	Multigraph Saving	Electros, etc., charged to first runs but in stock.
2 days in November	\$ 24.40	\$ 7.75	\$ 16.67	\$.85
December	85.20	57.97	47.25	12.45
January	187.42	61.77	105.65	14.02
February	225.20	115.79	109.41	6.75
March	145.05	61.14	83.91	3.85
April	187.59	74.18	63.41	9.29
May	166.29	61.04	105.25	3.27
June	234.65	78.75	155.90	6.44
July	86.75	22.41	64.34	5.07
August	114.75	47.65	67.10	0.00
September	137.95	41.22	96.73	2.99
Totals for 10 mo., 2 da.	\$1545.43	\$629.65	\$915.78	\$64.94

The Table that Tells the Tale

A saving of over \$915 in 10 months is shown by the company's monthly record of Multigraph performance reproduced above.

THE MULTIGRAPH JUNIOR



War on the Installment Plan

IT is hereby respectfully suggested to the war experts that they figure out a way to conduct war on the installment plan. If we must have war and shoot each other up in barbarous fashion, let us be true to our nature and have it, but let us not try to do it all at once. It is too costly and too distracting.

That's where the Kaiser made his grand mistake. For many years he had nothing but peace with the rest of the world, and now he has nothing but war. That is poor judgment, showing a love of extremes that doesn't at all comport with the eternal fitness of things. Just at present the militarists and the pacifists are a long way apart, but perhaps some installment plan by which we may have only a little war at a time, but have it regularly, would offer an acceptable compromise between them.

DENBY ³/₄ Ton Truck \$890

With body as shown. Top, panel body, starting and lighting system, as desired, at moderate additional expense

THE business man with the light-delivery work finds this new Denby model exactly suited to his needs. The Denby internal-gear drive and other features of Denby leadership are embodied in it; and it is a truck designed from the ground up for light-delivery duty.

The Denby Business-Building and Sales Efficiency Service assures the owner that he can make the truck pay. This service—prepared by experts—consists of a correspondence course of thirty-six lessons, embracing every branch of retail salesmanship. It shows how to get new customers; how to increase orders; how to do a better business at greater profit. It adds a fully-equipped salesman to your force. Every truck or delivery-wagon owner may name one person to take the course, without charge. \$3000 has been appropriated by us for rewards to successful students.

You Can Afford Motor-Haulage Now

Like thousands of other business men, you have probably realized the superior speed, efficiency, dependability and neatness of the motor-truck. But you may have been doubtful about the actual dollars-and-cents return.

The Denby truck is mechanically right. And the exclusive Denby Business-Building Service assures you that you will be able to make it profitable. Write for particulars of the model in which you are especially interested.

DENBY
Motor Truck Company
405 Holbrook Ave., Detroit, Mich.

A Service
That Makes
It Pay

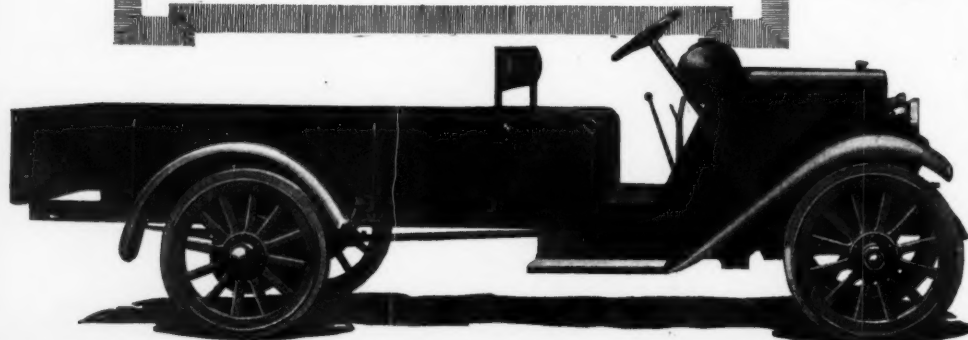
A Real
Light-Delivery
Truck

Three Other Denby Units

These maintain the Denby tradition of superiority in their respective classes. They are capable of extensive chassis and body modifications, so that they may be fitted exactly to any individual business.

Ratings and Prices follow:

Type B 1 ton	\$1475
Type D 1½ tons	\$1685
Type E 2 tons	\$1985



STROMBERG Hangs Up Another Record!

27½ Miles on One Gallon of Gasoline—61 Miles an Hour

That's the remarkable economy record set by the New Stromberg Carburetor, on the 1916 Model D-15 Buick, in a test officially observed by a representative of A. A. A., September 16th. The car with passengers weighed 3500 pounds and, without touching the New Stromberg Carburetor, made the two-mile lap of the Chicago Speedway in the amazing time of 2:08 2/5. On this same lap a speed of 61 miles an hour was attained—more Stromberg Service.

Mail coupon, learn which New Stromberg Carburetor will increase your car's service.

New STROMBERG Does it!

STROMBERG MOTOR DEVICES CO.,
Dept. B 64 East 25th Street, Chicago, Ill.
Send facts about new Stromberg Carburetor
Name of my car.....Model.....Year.....
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

Miss Le Clere's Legacy

IN *Reedy's Mirror* (October 15) John L. Hervey sails into Anatole France to the length of a whole three-column page because of his demoralizing influence on the spirit of France. He blames him as one of those who, by studiously diverting the French sexual instinct away from procreation, have brought France to "the most desperate crisis in her history."

Of a truth, France has had a lot of rotten writers, very skillful at their employment and very pernicious in their effect. Four or five years ago an old French woman in New York left a considerable legacy to fight bad literature in France. She was a spinster and a Protestant, Mlle. Le Clere, who had been a teacher here in girls' schools for fifty years and had many attached friends. The legacy was large—fifty or a hundred thousand dollars. It failed for some reason of illegality.

She was a true French patriot, that old woman. She saw a literature that was poisoning France and did her best to check it. It needed a longer reach than hers, and, perhaps, will get it now.

"Why do ye look so sorrowful, Denis?" asked one man of another.

"I just hear-r-d wan man call another a liar, and the man that was called a liar said the other man would have to apologize, or there would be a fight."

"And why should that make you look sad?"

"The other man apologized!"

—Tit-Bits.

Rhymed Reviews

The Fortunes of Garin

(By Mary Johnston. Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

THE squire Garin took to flight,
Because, a shepherd aiding,
He'd thrashed Count Jaufre, caitiff
knight,
For safety's sake he went crusading.

A highborn maid of stately grace
Was Garin's one exclusive passion;
He'd seen her form, but not her face.
(That sort of thing was quite the
fashion).

He waxed in rank, in wealth and fame
Through feats of arms on Paynims
vile, and
Again to Castel-Noir he came
As "Garin of the Golden Island."

When Jaufre, leading strong allies,
Besieged that sovereign lady's castle,
For Princess Audiart the Wise
Our hero fought, a faithful vassal.

One night from out her keep of stone
He slipped, avoiding all suspicion,
With Princess Audiart alone;
They fared upon a secret mission.
To Richard of the Lion Heart
They went, and spoke with such per-
suasion

That Richard chose the better part
And saved the land from foul in-
vasion.

And Audiart, as you may guess,
(For Luck and Love will have it
fall so),

Was Garin's Rescued Shepherdess
And Stately Highborn Lady also.

Ah, sword that cleaves and mace that
stuns!

You're sweet to contemplate, instead
of

These forty-centimetre guns
And gases that we've lately read of!
Arthur Guiterman.



How Sanatogen Relieves Poor Digestion and Nerve Strain

DIGESTION and the nervous system are interdependent.

For while the products of digestion nourish the nerve cells, the nerves in turn control digestion.

Thus if aught wrongly affects either—the nerves or the digestive organs—the other also must suffer.

When, for instance, worry, overwork or shock interferes with digestion, the resultant lack of nourishment weakens the nervous system, causing nerve-strain. This nerve-weakness then reacts and still further disturbs the faulty digestion.

At such times Sanatogen is specifically helpful—first, because it is so easily assimilated by even an enfeebled digestion, and, second, because Sanatogen's chemical union of pure protein and organic phosphorus furnishes precisely the two elements most needed to restore *not* only the weakened

digestion but the impoverished nerve cells as well.

This explains why Colonel Watterson, the famous American editor, was able to write:

"I do not think I could have recovered my vitality, as I have done, without this Sanatogen operating equally upon the digestive organs and nerve centers."

And why Hon. Wm. E. Chandler, former Secretary of the Navy, wrote:

"Sanatogen is a pleasant nutriment for cases of impaired digestion. It strengthens without irritating and promotes vitality in feeble folks."

It also explains the striking endorsement of the medical profession as expressed in signed letters from over 21,000 physicians who have watched the work of Sanatogen in countless cases.

And it gives you the reason why we are so confident that Sanatogen can help you—when you give it an opportunity.

Sanatogen is sold by good druggists everywhere in three sizes, from \$1.00 up
Grand Prize, International Congress of Medicine, London, 1913

SANATOGEN

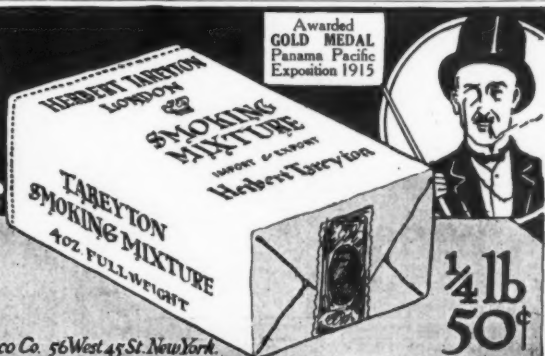
ENDORSED BY OVER 21,000 PHYSICIANS

Send for "The Art of Living,"—a charming little book by Richard Le Gallienne, the popular poet-author, touching on Sanatogen's kindly help and giving other interesting aids in the quest for contentment and better health. This book is free. Tear this off as a reminder to write THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO., 24-E Irving Place, N. Y.

Herbert
Tareyton
London
Smoking Mixture

There's something
about it you'll like.

At your dealer's or sample on request. Falk Tobacco Co. 56 West 45 St. New York.



Awarded
GOLD MEDAL
Panama Pacific
Exposition 1915

Every Little Helps

"Big Increase in Enlistments Due to the Execution of Edith Cavell."

—Newspaper Headline.

MONTHS ago it was written in a letter from Germany: "If the English knew what will happen to them if the Germans ever get to England, the very dead would come out of their graveyards to enlist." Every little helps to get it through England's more backward heads that there are worse things even than conscription.

Ultimatums

AN ultimatum is not, as many suppose, the last word in diplomacy; it is the first word in war. No 18-carat diplomat issues an ultimatum when there is anything else left to issue, because as soon as an ultimatum is issued, provided it possesses the proper proportion of ultimatumness, the matter is out of the issuer's hands. You can't take an ultimatum back, because then it is no longer an ultimatum.

But neither can an ultimatum be accepted. It is an inviolable rule in the best diplomatic families that a proffered ultimatum should be hurled haughtily back, and there is no case on record where a nation ever welcomed a homeless ultimatum and at the same time retained its self-respect. It is clear, therefore, that an ultimatum should never be turned loose unless supported by a follow-up system in good working order.

That Waltham Watches

surpass all others is definitely established by the following tests:

At the World Expositions, wherever exhibited, Waltham Watches have received highest awards. At the Panama-Pacific Exposition, Waltham took the Grand Prize over all competitors.

At the great Kew Observatory more Waltham Watches receive the "A" rating than any other make. Only one other American manufacturer has ever received the "A" rating and then only on a single watch.

There are more Waltham Railroad Watches in use the world over than any other make.

Scientists recognize the superiority of Waltham Watches. All the American polar expeditions (where accuracy is essential) have taken Waltham timepieces.

These facts are more eloquent than any mere words.



Of all watches the Waltham Riverside Series

are the most famous. There are various sizes and styles of Riverside Watches but they all have the Riverside character of fine accuracy, surplus strength and long life. Most of the improvements in watch making for a generation have first been incorporated in Riverside Watches.

The man who has one of these Riverside in his pocket is to that extent an aristocrat; and the woman who wears one on her wrist will find herself becoming punctual.

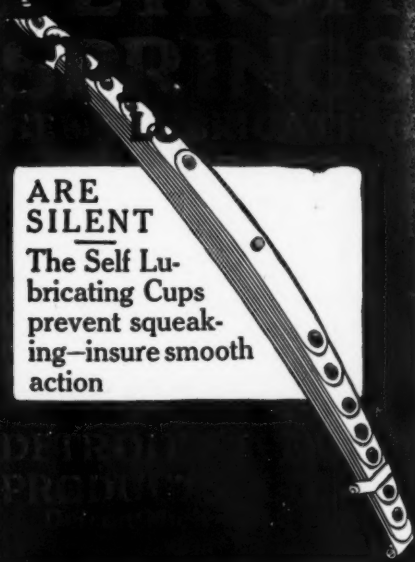
The accuracy of the Riverside Watches is vouched for by the watch company which is the oldest in America and the largest in the world.

The beauty of these watches you can see for yourself. Let your jeweler help you select one for Christmas.

Waltham Watch Company Waltham, Mass.

ARE SILENT

The Self Lubricating Cups prevent squeaking—insure smooth action



"As Man to Man"

"WELL, Mary," said the man of the house to the cook, "what is your opinion of my wife? You must have had considerable experience with other men's wives. Is she any worse or better? I have a curiosity to know whether I am any better or worse off than the average man."

"I've seen 'em worse," replied Mary, "and I've seen 'em better."

"Why are you going to leave, then? It's something I'd sometimes like to do, I confess, but can't?"

"Sure, I'm going to leave because I need a change. I'm of a rovin' nature. I'm used to going about. It's in me blood. I despise all the women I work for. None of 'em knows how to treat help."

"Then you think, on the whole, that if I had to do it over again, I might be worse off?"

"It's not for the likes of me to make ye discontented with your lot. Sure, man, make the best of it. Take a holiday once in awhile and ye can stand it better. This is a sorry world at best."

"But she spends all my money, Mary—never keeps her word—has no character nor sense of justice."

"Be ye an angel of God yourself?"

"I suppose not. But, Mary, let me ask you an honest question, as man to man. If I was the boss, would you stay any longer?"

"Sure, I'd 'a' been gone already."

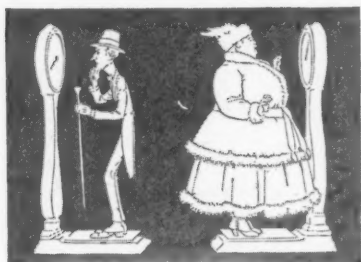
"Is he progressive?"

"About like a pendulum."

Money

IT now appears that, after all, money itself, and not the love of it, is the root of all evil. Our debts, wars, diseases, crimes of all kinds, revolutions and poverty are all due to money. Why not, therefore, hasten the day of the great repudiation when all money shall be abolished?

Without money we should still be able to enjoy nature, fall in love, have friends and subsist grandly on the only kinds of nourishment that make for lasting comfort.



Jack Sprat could not get fat;
To bant his wife did aim.
He ate much dope, she scrubbed with soap.
They're looking just the same.



DIARY April 15, 1820

We celebrated Dan's birthday this evening, gathered about the round table and pledged him many a toast in good

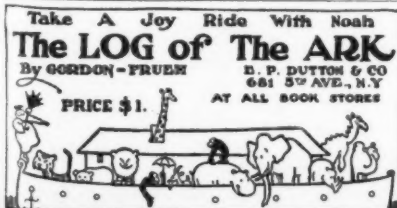
Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

Celebrations galore have been made memorable by toasts delivered with this choice delightful rye. Old Overholt is pure, mellow, delicious, with a delightful bouquet.

Aged in charred oak barrels, bottled in bond.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



Lincoln Highway in Colorado

EVERY owner of the cars listed below whether touring over the week-end or on tour to the Expositions knows the high efficiency and dependability of

Westinghouse Electric Systems

STARTING

LIGHTING

IGNITION

Electrical equipment for automobiles guaranteed by the Westinghouse Mark is built to the highest engineering standards. The cars listed below are designed to withstand hard service and give satisfaction.

‡A. C. E.
*Allen
*American La France
‡Apperson
‡Atterbury
*Austin
*Biddle
*Case
‡Chalmers
*Crawford

‡Cunningham
*Dart
*Davis
*Dorris
*Duplex Power
‡Enger
*Federal
‡F. I. A. T.
*Glide
*Gramm-Bernstein
*Gramm, M. T.

*Halladay
‡Hupmobile
*Imperial
‡Kissel Car
*Kline Kar
‡Lauth-Juergens
*Lenox
*Lexington-Howard
‡Locomobile
*Marion
*McFarlan
*Michigan Hearse

‡Mitchell
*Moreland
‡National
‡Pathfinder
‡Pierce-Arrow
*Pilot
‡Pullman
‡Richard
*Riddle
*Rockhill
*Seagrave

‡Singer
*Standard
‡Stearns
*Sterling (Motor Boats)
*Stewart
*Touraine
*United States Carriage
*Vulcan
*Witchita

*Starting, Lighting, and Ignition. ‡Starting, Lighting, and Ignition.

SPECIAL Westinghouse Electric Systems (Starting—Lighting—Ignition) for Ford Automobiles—\$75 to \$112.50. Look for the Westinghouse Service Stations and agents.

Atlanta, Ga.—Ozburn Automobile Supply Co., 339 Peachtree St.
Boston, Mass.—Motor Parts Co., 187 Columbus Ave.
Buffalo, N. Y.—Motor Parts Co., 1064 Main St.
Chicago, Ill.—Westinghouse Sales-Service Station, 2007 S. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill.—Motor Car Supply Co., 1451-53-55 Michigan Ave.
Cleveland, O.—The Auto Electric Equipment Co., Wilbrand Bldg., Euclid Ave.
Cleveland, O.—Westinghouse Sales-Service Station, 2025 Euclid Ave.
Detroit, Mich.—Westinghouse Sales-Service Station, 1211-3-5 Woodward Ave.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Westinghouse Sales-Service Station, 427 N. Meridian St.

Kansas City, Mo.—The Equipment Co., 1522 Grand Ave.
Memphis, Tenn.—Ozburn Automobile Supply Co., 178 Monroe Ave.
New Orleans, La.—Shuler Rubber Co., 613 Baronne Ave.
New York, N. Y.—Westinghouse Sales-Service Station, 250 W. 54th St.
Oelwein, Ia.—Chas. W. Bopp, 14 N. Frederick St.
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Severin Tire & Supply Co., 600 N. Broadway.
Omaha, Neb.—Powell Supply Co., 2051 Farnum St.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Motor Parts Co., 818 No. Broad St.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Pittsburgh Auto Equipment Co., Baum & Beatty Sts.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Westinghouse Sales-Service Station, Cumberson Ave. & P. R. R.
Springfield, Mass.—Motor Parts Co., 143 Chestnut St.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO.

Automobile Equipment Dept. Shadyside Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Canadian Westinghouse Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

No Nervous Strain

CRAWFORD: The elephant sleeps only five hours out of every twenty-four.

CRABSHAW: Very true; but just stop and consider that the elephant doesn't have to attend lectures or the opera, listen to sermons or war-talk, or lend an ear to some fellow's description of his newest baby or car, and you will realize that he has a pretty soft time of it, taken all in all.

BURROWES Cedar Chest

Moth-proof, Dust-proof

\$1.00 DOWN



Small monthly payments if you keep it. Many other styles, all at factory prices. BURROWES "Cromwell" Chest. Quickly pays for itself by saving storage charges. Protects furs, feathers, clothing, blankets and all fabrics from moths, mice, dust and dampness, and will last for generations as heirloom. A superb gift. Handsome, masterly piece of furniture, exquisitely made. All chests shipped on FREE TRIAL. Write for CATALOG. THE E. T. BURROWES CO., 748 South Street, Portland, Me.



The Forget-me-not of Gifts
HAVONE

HAVONE

THE man who rides in the Park was one of the first to recognize the convenience of the Havone Cigarette Case—an important accessory of the riding kit.

May be taken from the pocket and opened with one hand. Cigarettes cannot spill—each in its own compartment, standing out in the most inviting manner, to be taken with the fingers or lips.

HAVONE CORPORATION Dept. C, 21-23 Maiden Lane NEW YORK



AS FAR AS HE'S CONCERNED

A Word for the Fly

We will back the fly against all the murderous efforts of its enemies, either at Mansion House meetings or elsewhere. The house-fly is an absolute necessity to our existence; it is not a foe, but a friend—one of nature's pioneers of civilization. No one has yet proved in a single instance that it has ever spread a solitary disease in history; as long as its faithful services are required, those services will be forthcoming, and it will defy all the efforts of Mansion House bishops, professors or surgeons, to bring about the day of its extermination.

—The Abolitionist, London.

Civil Service Examination

To Become a Poet, According to the Requirements of the New School of Poetry

Have you any sense of rhythm? If so, how little, and will you deposit a suitable bond to get rid of it before you begin writing?

Can you write of some simple experience which everybody knows about, using plain words of one syllable, arranged in such a manner that nobody knows what they mean?

Have you ever had any experience beyond riding in a Ford or reading the Hearst papers?

Have you tried every other form of making a living, including running for Congress, and failed?

Send now \$1.00 12 issues for

STUDENTS ART MAGAZINE

for ARTISTS and ART STUDENTS

Publishes Cash Art Assignments, lessons and articles on Cartooning, Illustrating, Lettering, Designing and Chalk-Talking. Critiques amateurs' work. Interesting, helpful, artistic, UNIQUE. Clare Briggs, Ryan Walker and other noted artists contributors. It will please you. \$1 per year. Send NOW, stamps or bill to

LOCKWOOD PUB. CO., Dept. 76, Kalamazoo, Mich.

MOGUL

EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES

CORK TIP OR PLAIN END

JUST LIKE BEING IN CAIRO

Smaragdos
Makers of the Highest
Grade Turkish and
Egyptian Cigarettes
in the World.



15¢



Cats

(Continued from page 954)

To tell the blunt truth, the cat has to be loved more for its failings than its virtues. It is never heroic, except occasionally as a mother; it has no sense of responsibility as a dog has; it protects nothing but itself. Hence in a way the cat-lover is a finer type than the dog-lover, because he is getting nothing back. His love is disinterested. The cat will never save his life, never refuse to leave his coffin, never do any of the picturesque things in the books. On the contrary, it may steal his baby's breath.

I have owned many cats—or, to be more precise, I have lived in houses in which a number of cats have from time to time consented to eat, drink and sleep—and I have had agreeable passages of flirtation with all. But I have never felt any security in their affections nor expected any return for my endearments. Fondling has been its own reward and all that I asked. On the other hand, I will admit to feeling exceedingly proud when any cat has singled me out for notice; for of course every cat is really the most beautiful woman in the room. That is part of their deadly fascination.

The best cat I ever had any share in—and by best I mean the cat that showed me most attentions—illustrates the detachment of the creature, the unbridgeable gulf always fixed between it and man, the sense of insecurity which it engenders. It was a blue Persian, and from a clear sky it entered the front door one day, remained for a few months, during which it enslaved the household, and then as suddenly walked out and was never heard of again. Of such is the nature of the cat. Caprice is its essence, and its thoughts are always elsewhere. Its beautiful body may be on your lap, but its soul is busy with nocturnal pacts and cruelties. No one



For the lover of all good things

Whitman's



A great chair, a good book, and, in easy reach, a box of good candy— isn't that the picture of an interval of perfect pleasure?

So we offer the Library Package. Two pounds of delectable sweets and a book of delectable reading. The box—a dark rich green—has the look of an antique leathery tome. The candy—all chocolates—is of supreme Whitman quality, which is another way of saying that better have never been made. The book—you have your choice of more than a dozen masterpieces by Shakespeare, Kipling, Stevenson, Carlyle, Emerson and others—is in green limp leather, blind stamped and tucked away unobtrusively beneath the box. It's a charming little volume that need not be ashamed in any library. All in all a package so dainty, so refined, so delightful for gift purposes, so entirely new and "unusual" that we are proud to call it Whitman's. The Library Package is made in the two-pound size only. The price is two dollars.

Just to see this "classic" package is to experience a new pleasure. If our Agent near your home doesn't happen to have it, send us \$2 with directions for forwarding the Library Package. The contents of this and other Whitman packages are listed on the bottom of the box so that you may know exactly what kinds you are purchasing.

The Library Package contains a number of Whitman's "best sellers"—Pecan Caramels "Dollar" Mints, Brazil Nuts, Vanilla Chocolate Caramels, Honey White Nougat and Marshmallows, all richly chocolate covered.

"Whitman's for Every Occasion" is a booklet you should have from our Agent or from us.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

You Can't Lose Your Keys



If You Carry Them in a
DANDA LEATHER KEY CASE
With Your Name Stamped in Gold Leaf
25c By Mail | **40c** With Pocket
Postpaid | **40c** With Pocket
Convenient, prevents keys from rusting, saves clothing and is a neat case for the pocket. Made of strong, black leather with key ring and your name handsomely stamped in gold letters on the case.
Write for Illustrated Catalog of Danda Leather Goods and Novelties
DANDA EL. MFG. CO., 82 John St., New York



COPPER STEIN SETS

Sherbet Sets, Fruit and Nut Bowls, Tobacco Caddies, Ash or Pin Receivers, Large Trays, etc. Send for booklet and enclose 65c for small copper bowl with your initial in brass repousse.
Clewell Studios, 1 St., Canton, Ohio

ever said, "The more I see of men the more I like cats."

At the present moment the only cat I possess is of bronze, and comes from Egypt and was fashioned 2000 years B.C. It resides on the mantelpiece, and I often stand by it, when waiting for meals, and think of all that has changed since it was made.

If it could reply, I should ask it if the world were not, comparatively speaking, a very Christian place in those days.



A CHASER AFTER THE SCOTCH



Black and White Dollar Box

It is carefully packed with a specially selected assortment of chocolates, moulded in generous size pieces. An unusual box of most attractive chocolates.

Huyler's
FRESH EVERY HOUR

Bonbons-Chocolates

Huyler's Cocoa, like Huyler's Candy, is supremely good

Simplified Best Sellers

WHY doesn't the Author's League, that astute organization doing its best to aid and abet literature, start a monopoly in best sellers?

Anybody who reads these books must be aware that most of the characters in each book are like most of the characters in all the other books. The recipes for writing are also much alike, the ingredients being love and action, in the proper proportions. Let the authors combine, therefore, in restraint of competition and produce but one novel a year, charging for it in proportion.

If government lawsuits follow, this would only advertise the product.



It's a Shame
to drive ordinary nails or
tacks into your newly-
papered walls. Have you
ever tried

MOORE PUSH-PINS

and other Moore Push devices for hanging
your pictures? They will save your walls.
The sharp steel points scarcely make
a mark.

The transparent glass Push-Pins are neat
and dainty. They're just the thing for
pretty silk-corded calendars, pennants, etc.
You simply push them in with **10c** per
your fingers. 2 sizes - **10c** per packet
For your heavy pictures, hall racks, etc. weigh
ing up to 100 lbs. use **Moore Pushless Hangers**—
the Hanger with the Twist. 4 sizes. 10c per packet.
At stationery, hardware, Woolworth and other
stores or send 10c for samples and illustrated
booklet, *How to Place Your Pictures*.

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., 193 Berkeley St., Philadelphia, Pa.



CUPID'S CAPERS

A book for him or her. Jolly Cupid
verses by Lillian Gardener, pictures in
color by Dick Hartley. Price 75c.

E. P. DUTTON & CO.
681 Fifth Ave. New York



Patching a Heart

Little Beds for Tired Feet

Just as you enjoy lying down for a few minutes after a strenuous day, so when you come home you should take off your stiff, leather shoes and let your feet lie down in a pair of Comfy Slippers. They are felt, and felt is soft, porous, durable and light. Packed in beautiful boxes.

DANIEL GREEN Felt Comfy Slippers

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

See Dan'l Green Comfys at the best store in your town. See the many beautiful colors and designs for women and children—the simple, comfortable-looking styles for men. Only Dan'l Green's are Comfy. Look for the Comfy scroll trade mark on the inner sole. If genuine Comfys are not offered you, get our free catalog No. 11B and order from it.

DANIEL GREEN FELT SHOE CO., Boston
New York Office and Stock Department, 116 East 13th Street
Please send orders and inquiries to our New York Office

At left is shown Men's Slip-on, gray, \$1.75;
at right, Women's Peerless, all colors, \$1.50



Ingram's Milkweed Cream



There is Beauty in Every Jar
Send us 6c in stamps, to cover cost of mailing and packing, and get free sample of the above, also Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder and Rouge in novel purse packets, and also Zodenta Tooth Powder and Perfume.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.

Established 1885

Windsor, Can.

38 Tenth St. Detroit, U. S. A.

It's a Poor Rule

THE annual convention of the birds was held yesterday. "Bird Rights" was the slogan. The object of the meeting was universal bird suffrage.

The ostrich presided.

"For years," he asserted, "our family plumes have been used without recourse. When we have suffrage, however, and full representation, we shall then have ostrich plumeless millinery."

The aigrette spoke for an hour.

"We must protect ourselves against ruthless woman," he concluded. "What is the ballot for if not to give every class an opportunity to assert itself?"

A petition from baby lambs to be admitted was received with applause.

Said a prominent heron, at the conclusion of the meeting:

"The women themselves wanted suffrage in order to obtain their rights. But who is to protect us against the women unless we assert ourselves?"

A Calm Retribution

ALADDIN started to rub the lamp furiously, and then paused.

"No," he said to himself, "I must not give way to anger or a feeling of cheap and undignified revenge. I must be calm. I must get myself into a judicial mood. I will wait."

He waited for some time, and then, doubtless feeling that he had better control this time, he actually rubbed the lamp. The Genie, as usual, immediately appeared.

"Fetch me General Moritz Ferdinand Von Bissing," said Aladdin.

The Genie's face grew darker still, but his not to reason why. He bowed austere and disappeared. In a few moments he returned, holding the General at the end of a pair of tongs, and dropped him in front of Aladdin. Aladdin looked at him in silence for a few moments.

"So you are the most discredited and dishonored man in Christendom, are you?" he said at last.

General Von Bissing did not immediately deign to reply. But at last he shrugged his shoulders and said:

"I was carrying out orders. As military governor of Belgium it is my Teutonic duty to shoot at sight every woman and child who disobeys the German rule."

Aladdin regarded him contemplatively.

"I'm no saint myself," he said. "I suppose I have committed as many errors as any man. I've been everywhere and seen everything. But for cold-blooded insolence, for mean and contemptible cruelty, for utter disregard for that kind of thing which the man in the street holds sacred, you certainly ought to have something better than an Iron Cross. Here, Genie, do your worst."

"Orders, Sire," said the Genie.

RAYMOND WHITCOMB CRUISES

TO THE

West Indies, Panama, the Central American Wonderland and the Spanish Main

Tropical Cruises de Luxe of twenty-four days' duration sailing from New York Jan. 29, Feb. 12 and March 11, by the beautiful American sisterships

"PASTORES and TENADORES"

Under exclusive charter to Raymond & Whitcomb Co. and under the American Flag

Remarkable and comprehensive tours to SOUTH AMERICA

January 15th, February 2nd, 5th, 16th and 26th, 1916
Tours to California on the Highest Plane of Travel
November 3rd, 17th and December 14th

Send for Booklet desired

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB COMPANY
Dept. 4

17 Temple Place, Boston
New York Chicago Philadelphia San Francisco

For Him



A Gillette
Safety Razor
for Christmas

FOR that difficult problem—the *man* on your Christmas list—the Gillette Safety Razor is the happy solution.

If he hasn't used it himself, he has been thinking for some time of buying a Gillette—and if he has one a gift of the new model "Bulldog," or the "Aristocrat" will please him immensely. No Stropping—No Honing.

About the nicest "little gift" for the Gillette User is a packet of Blades—50c. or \$1.

This is the "Aristocrat," one of the most popular sets for gift purposes. The razor is triple silver plated. The velvet lined case and the Blade Boxes are \$5 of French Ivory.

With Gold Plated Razor, \$6.

GRAND PRIZE—HIGHEST AWARD
Panama-Pacific Exposition

NO STROPPING NO HONING

TRADE MARK

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

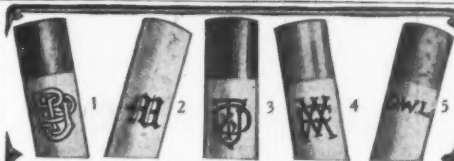
GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR
COMPANY
BOSTON



"Take this German military governor out," said Aladdin, "and worry him to death in any way you see fit. I leave it to you, who have a mother also. Then restore him to life and bring him back."

The Genie reached over with his tongs, grabbed the General, and disappeared. Later he brought him back.

"Remember," said Aladdin, "this is going to happen to you over and over again every day until the war ends. *Au revoir.*"



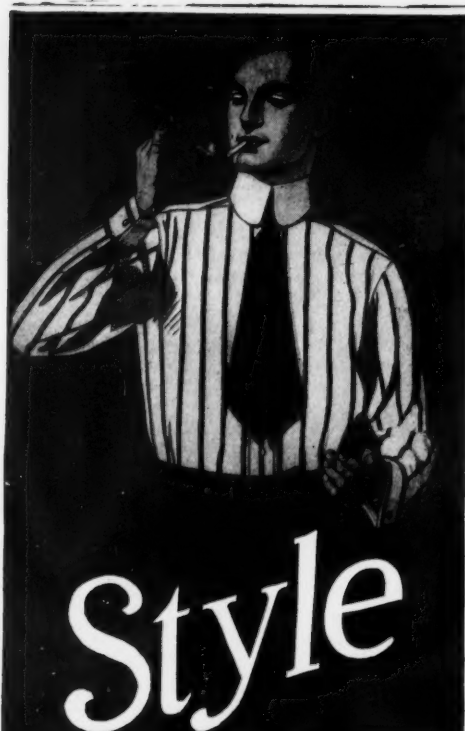
Marmay Monogram Cigarettes

add a touch of Distinction, at no extra cost. Made by HAND of Selected Turkish Tobacco, blended to your individual taste. Monogram, Crest, Coat of Arms, Fruit Mark without extra cost. TRIAL ORDER OF 100 for \$2, or send 30 cents for 15 cigarettes showing assortment of monograms, blends and tips. Print initials and order monogram by number.

Ladies' size with or without perfume

All Shipments in Plain Packages, Insured and Prepaid

Marmay Mfg. Co., Dept. B, 136 S. 4th, Philadelphia



Correct dressers everywhere accept the

Emery
Label

as the mark of Fashion in men's shirts.

\$1.50 to \$7.50
At Haberdashers

The Nek-ban-tab, an exclusive feature on Emery shirts, is a convenience in inserting collar button.

W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc., Philadelphia



THE NOVELIST GETS SOME LOCAL ATMOSPHERE FOR HIS PITTSBURGH STORY

Turning of the Worm

THE Family Bully was a thick man, with heavy lips and bushy eyebrows. He said to his wife:

"Here, you! Here's a dollar to last you to the end of the week, and if you have anything charged I don't know about I'll—"

He said to his son:

"Don't let me see you, that's all. Keep out of my sight. Don't ask me for anything. Shift for yourself."

He said to his daughter:

"Remember, this house is no camping ground for a lot of idle young men. Your last year's hat is good enough. I'll teach you how to be good!"

Then he stalked out of the house and met a man who said:

"Come on and have a drink."

He met another man who said:

"Quit work and come to the ball game."

He met another man who said:

"What's the matter with a dinner at the club and a musical comedy?"

Then he met another man who said:

"It's only midnight. I'll give you your choice—a poker game or a joy ride."

Then the Family Bully rose up in his might and majesty and said:

"Never! I've got to go home and look after my family. If I don't they won't respect me."

The Copley Prints

For Twenty Years a Hall-Mark of Good Taste in Pictures
Also Two New Series of the Highest Distinction

The Copley Color Prints The Copley Etchings



*TWILIGHT AND POPPIES.—By C. C. Coleman

For gifts and for framing for your own walls, these pictures are unsurpassed. "Fine in quality."—Augustus Saint-Gaudens. "I could not wish better."—Edwin A. Abbey.

At art stores, or sent on approval. \$1.00 to \$100.00.

New and Complete Illustrated Catalogue (practically a handbook of American Art) sent for 25 cents (stamps); this cost deducted from a subsequent purchase of the Prints.

Your old Family Portraits reproduced privately in the Copley Prints: daguerreotypes, old faded photographs, tintypes, etc. Particulars on request.

*Copyright by
CURTIS & CAMERON: Offices, 104 Harcourt St., BOSTON
SALESROOM: Pierce Building opposite Public Library



If you can't pull the shade up—

—or if sometimes it will not stay down, the trouble is in the roller. Buy Hartshorn's and you avoid such annoyances. They are used in over 10,000,000 homes. No tacks are necessary. FREE! Send for valuable book, "How to Get the Best Service from Your Shade Rollers."

In buying shade rollers, always look for this signature.

Stewart Hartshorn Co.
Dept. 30 E. Newark, N. J.

Stewart Hartshorn

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

15c

"THE DAUGHTER PAYS"

See the issue of Ainslee's now on sale at all stands.
As for the short stories in the same number, you know the Ainslee policy:

GOOD Stories by ANY Authors

rather than

ANY Stories by "Good" Authors

AINSLIE'S

"The Magazine That Entertains"

15c

Herman Ridder

IT was sad that Herman Ridder, an able and likeable man, should have had his last days so clouded by misfortune and a conflict of fealties. He was sore tried, and not through fault of his. To be a German-American newspaper editor in New York this last sixteen months has been a sorrowful situation. Inevitably, Mr. Ridder saw Europe with German eyes and made the best of the German case there. If it had come to a choice between Germany and the United States he would have gone with the United States and carried with him every German he could reach. He said as much as that, and it was true. We should be thankful for him (and others like him) that he escaped the pain of such a choice.

Herman Ridder was born and educated in New York and lived here all his life and was identified with the politics and business of the town. There is a wide difference between him and his sort and imported Germans of the same profession whose chief claim to notice since they came here has been their activity in plots and efforts to induce division among our people.

Superfluous

It is practically impossible for the average physician to familiarize himself with the four or five thousand drugs and drug preparations in everyday use in this country.

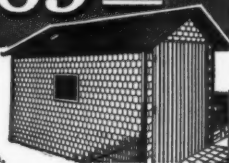
—Scientific American.

HE does not have to. All he needs do is to familiarize his patients with them. He succeeds so well that nobody ought to complain of being slighted.

Garage \$69.50

10 x 12 "Steelco" Edwards ready-to-use garage, \$69.50 complete. Factory price. Fireproof. Portable. Quickly set up. All styles and sizes of garages and portable buildings. Send postal for illustrated catalog.

The Edwards Mfg. Co.
226-228 Eggleston Ave., Cincinnati, O.



Eat and Grow Thin

Thousands have done it safely and comfortably by the instructions in this book. Readable, practical, definite. By Vance Thompson. Price \$1 at booksellers or from

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK



WEBBER'S Hand Knit ALASKA JACKET

The Original Coat Sweater—In continuous use since 1897. Designed especially for duck shooting. Suitable for all outdoor use, if warmth and comfort a consideration. All Wool and Hand Knit. Price, \$5.00. Booklet, "The Need The Make The Price" tells all about it. Yours for a postcard. Address Geo. F. Webber, Mfr., 419 Gratiot Ave., Detroit, Mich.

The Jeffery Four

"America's
Standard
Automobile
at a
\$1000
Price"



Thousands of people paid \$1550 for the original Jeffery Four—and gained a new conception of motor car quality, comfort, economy and efficiency. Today, in the *new* Jeffery Four, you are offered a still *finer* car—for \$1000.

Body, standard seven-passenger Chesterfield type • Front seats, divided • Driver's seat, adjustable • Upholstery, deep real leather • Shipping weight, 2750 pounds • Motor, Jeffery high-speed high-efficiency • Ignition, Bosch magneto • Starting and lighting system, Bijur electric • Equipment, complete • Entire car 93% Jeffery-built.

STANDARD SEVEN-PASSENGER, \$1015, without Auxiliary Seats, \$1000 • THREE-PASSENGER ROADSTER, \$1000 SEDAN (Removable Top) \$1165 • JEFFERY SIX, \$1350

Jeffery

Prices F.O.B.
Kenosha, Wisconsin

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company
Main Office and Works • Kenosha, Wisconsin

Illustrated booklet
on request

Jeffery

The Man with the Horn

WOULD pedestrians get along better if they carried horns? It often seems as if joy-riders, speed-maniacs and horn-tooters derive their unjust powers to frighten pedestrians into incipient heart disease simply from the fact that they are able to fire off an ear-splitting blast from a diabolically contrived noise-producer. It must be that pedestrians now and then are abroad on just as pressing business as that of the average joy-rider, and are, therefore, in just as much of a legitimate hurry. Accordingly, if they were fitted out with horns, they could meet the marauding automobile more on an equality, and at the very least have the satisfaction of blowing an insulting blast by way of retort, and they might even gain a much more practical advantage over other and more humble pedestrians.

E. O. J.

No Presumption

Now, Walsh is Irish, and presumably anti-English.

N. Y. Evening Post.

THAT a man is Irish does not furnish a presumption that he is anti-English. On the war issue, at least, four-fifths of the American Irish seem to be pro-Ally, and incidentally pro-English so far as is necessary.

"When brush meets brush, it's the Whiting-Adams Vulcan Rubber Cemented that wins!"

All Brush Users Find WHITING-ADAMS

TRADE **VULCAN** MARK
RUBBER CEMENTED

BRUSHES Perfect in Construction, Superior in Quality, Everlasting in wear. Always Suits—Never Fails

Send for illustrated literature telling about Whiting-Adams Brushes
Manufactured by
JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO.
BOSTON, U. S. A.
Brush Manufacturers for Over One Hundred Years
Whiting-Adams Brushes Awarded Gold Medal, the highest award at Panama-Pacific Exposition, 1915



Bell Telephone Exhibit, Panama-Pacific Exposition.

A Wonder of Wonders

"It is the most beautiful and inspiring Exposition the world has ever seen."—President Hadley of Yale, in speaking of the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

EVERY American should feel it a duty as well as a privilege to visit the Panama-Pacific Exposition and view its never-equalled exhibits of achievements in Art, Science and Industry.

In all this assemblage of wonders, combining the highest accomplishments of creative genius and mechanical skill, there is none more wonderful than the exhibit of the Bell Telephone System.

Here, in a theatre de luxe, the welcome visitors sit at ease while the marvel of speech transmission is

pictorially revealed and told in story. They listen to talk in New York, three thousand miles away; they hear the roar of the surf on the far-off Atlantic Coast; they witness a demonstration of Transcontinental telephony which has been awarded the Grand Prize of Electrical Methods of Communication.

This Transcontinental Line has taken the thought, labor and ingenuity of some of the greatest minds in the scientific world. Yet it is but a small part of the more wonderful universal service of the Bell System, which makes possible instant communication between all the people of the country.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service



Recessional for All Nations

(Fill in the blanks with names of nations, rulers and rivers according to your own sympathies in the war.)

O MIGHTY ———, drive home
the thrust;
Unleash thy riders, charge on charge
Humble ——— in the dust
And there upon the ———'s marge
Where once before your pennons
fluttered
Show ——— which side her bread
is buttered.

With bomb and shrapnel lay them low,
And whelm with red Egyptian slaughter

The merchandising ——— foe
Who thus will have conscription
taught her.

Announce their ranks are all un-
serried
Before your war reports are queried.

Their rancor fills the world with blood,
With bitter words, with taunt and
jibe—

Out sword and crush into the mud
The feckless, faithless ——— tribe,
Till sunshine greets from sea to sea
The helmets of our cavalry.

Great ———, halt not, onward go,
Strike hard, complete the task begun.
Mulch well the harvest: let the crow
And vulture feast on carrion.
All will be done by Yule at latest;
You will be known as ——— the
greatest.

C. D. Morley.



Books Received

Cuba Before the World, by Gral. Dr. Manuel E. Alfonso and T. Valero Martinez. (Souvenir Guide Co.)

The Anvil of Chance, by Gerald Chittenden. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.35.)

Why I Believe in Poverty, by Edward Bok. (Houghton Mifflin Co. 50 cents.)

The Diary of a French Army Chaplain. (Andrew Melrose, London, Eng.)

Helen and the Fifth Cousins, by Beth Bradford Gilchrist. (Penn Publishing Co. \$1.25.)

Jane Stuart at Rivercroft, by Grace M. Remick. (Penn Publishing Co. \$1.25.)

If Love Were King, and Other Poems, by Edward Willard Watson. (H. W. Fisher & Co. \$1.25.)

Memories of a Publisher, by George Haven Putnam, Litt.D. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.)

Midsummer Magic, by Walter Bamfylde. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35.)

A Rogue by Compulsion, by Victor Bridges. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35.)

The Taxation of Land Values, by Louis F. Post. (Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.00.)

The Ashiel Mystery, by Mrs. Charles Bryce. (John Lane Co. \$1.25.)

The Rose of Youth, by Elinor Mordaunt. (John Lane Co. \$1.35.)

Shoe and Stocking Stories, by Elinor Mordaunt. (John Lane Co. \$1.25.)

Tommy Tregennis, by Mary E. Phillips. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Looking for Grace, by Mrs. Horace Tremlett. (John Lane Co. \$1.25.)

The Glorious Rascal, by Justin Huntly McCarthy. (John Lane Co. \$1.35.)

FOWNES GLOVES

1915
1777
138

A simple sum in subtraction shows that Fownes gloves have been worn for one hundred and thirty-eight years.

Quite a fair period of time in which to "try out" any product!

Have You Ever Owned a Truly Accurate Watch?

Do you know the comfort of owning a watch that tells the true time all the time?

It's a genuine pleasure to carry such a watch—one that you are not always setting or mentally adding or subtracting a minute or so to or from the time it tells.

Hamilton Watch

"The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"

When you buy a Hamilton you buy Accuracy that will endure. You get a watch so accurate, durable and beautiful that a generation from now it will still be a source of pride to its owner. Hamilton Watches are made in many models at \$17.00, \$25.00, \$28.00, \$40.00, \$50.00, \$80.00, and so on up to the Hamilton masterpiece at \$150.00 in 18k. heavy gold case. Movements alone, to fit your present watch case, at \$12.25 (\$13.00 in Canada).

Write for Hamilton Watch Book—
"The Timekeeper"

It pictures and describes the various Hamilton models for men and women and tells facts worth knowing about watches.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY
Dept. K, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

The Hamilton Watch Exhibit at the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco is in the Palace of Varied Industries, under the Dome. Call and see it.




Conductor F. M. Kelley of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. One of the thousands of conductors of fast trains who time their runs by the Hamilton Watch.



Curiosity

CURIOSITY does more than anything else to keep people over forty alive. They do not like to die for fear that something interesting may happen afterward. A large part of the value of new inventions is to keep alive this sense of curiosity. How father, or grandfather, who died, say, twenty years ago, would enjoy riding about in a motor-car! And what if we

can keep ourselves alive a little longer if only to get a taste of the next new thing! Is that the reason, possibly, why old people demand reverence from young people, in order to conceal their own weakness? As much as if they said: "We know you have the advantage of us. But it would be fatal to admit this." And young people, outwardly submissive, secretly scorn the old for the same reason. They know the superiority.



**Baker
Electrics**
QUALITY SERVICE

**Rauch & Lang
Electrics**
"THE SOCIAL
NECESSITY"

PERSONAL PRIDE

PRIDE of ownership has always marked the possession of a Baker or Rauch & Lang Electric.

¶ It denotes an appreciation of that deft touch in master design and workmanship so exclusively characteristic of every Baker or Rauch & Lang car. Quality alone can bring this comfort of mind—this pride of possession. That is why the Baker or Rauch & Lang cars justly command the price which those who know and want only the best are willing to pay.

The Baker R & L Company
Cleveland, Ohio